

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.



"Egret," 83 tons.

"Rosenath," 54 tons.

"Medora," 169 tons.

THE YACHT RACE FROM DOVER TO HELIGOLAND FOR THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S CUP.

See "Topics of the Day."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

At the dinner of the Whitefriars Club to Mark Twain there was one aggrieved man. He is a well-known writer of fiction who entertains the public with the most blood-curdling inventions you ever heard of. As I look at him I wonder how such things come into his head, for they are quite foreign to his habits and views of life, though he likes to curdle the blood of the club waiters. I was finishing breakfast one morning about luncheon time at a table in the pleasantest window. He saw me from the doorway, and said to a waiter, "I want that table for some friends who are coming to lunch at once. Who's the man sitting there? I'll turn him out!" So he strode up to me with a fierce expression, followed by the protesting waiter, and said, "Look here, you've had this table quite long enough. Ain't you ashamed to be breakfasting at this hour?" The terrified servant evidently expected bloodshed. Perhaps he was a diligent reader of my friend's tales, and thought he was going to see one of them transacted in real life with the assistance of a corpse and serviettes all over gore.

Well, at the Mark Twain dinner, this professional curdler of the public blood sat in a state of great contentment, till suddenly I observed his face full of pain, as of a man in a crowd who finds that somebody has taken his watch. It was when Dean Hole was telling the anecdote of the American citizen who admired Niagara until he read Southey's poem about the way the water comes down at Lodore. He hastened to England, posted to Lodore, and looked around for this marvellous cataract. A rustic came by, and to him spake the pilgrim: "I've come from Niagara, a bit of a waterfall we have in America, to see your Lodore. Where is it?" "Why," said the rustic, "you're sitting on it!" Then he went back home, and told a bosom friend that Niagara was a mere pailful compared to Lodore, and the friend rushed over the Atlantic, found his way to Lodore, and the result was that the friendship of a lifetime came to an abrupt end. Why did the listening novelist frown at the Dean, and then settle back in his chair with an expression of weary resignation? Presently, Mr. Poulteney Bigelow rose and told the company how he had once introduced Mark Twain to a young German who said he had an excellent new story out of a German comic paper, which he related at great length, and was hurt because Mark Twain's appreciation seemed rather tepid. "I can't laugh at that story as I used to do," explained the American humorist. "The fact is that I invented it about thirty years ago!" As Mr. Bigelow told this anecdote, my friend gave vent to a diabolical "Ha! ha!" just like an exclamation from the villain of one of his own romances. Clearly some personal animus was working in his mind, welling up bitterness.

"Seemed a little put out, did I?" he remarked to me next day. "Lost my evening-party air, eh? Now look at me, Sir. I am the original hero of Dean Hole's little joke! I read Southey's poem out in Canada, and I came over here to see Lodore, forgetting that Southey was a poet, and never thinking there might be a great sight more poetical license than water. I told this adventure to Conan Doyle, and he told it to Dean Hole, and between 'em they embellished it considerably, and sometimes the newspapers call it Conan Doyle's story, and sometimes they call it Dean Hole's story, and nobody knows that the real live pilgrim to Lodore was Robert Barr!" I shook him by the hand and said, "My friend, I will see you righted! I will tell the public the truth in my simple, unpretending way, and you shall weave one of your blood-curdling mysteries round Lodore, showing how a popular novelist hurled a man of piety and jealousy—say a Dean—down that awful cascade out of fear, and for the horrid delight of seeing an ecclesiastical figure whirling in the foam!" Such was the compact, and my part of it is done.

It was on this occasion that I first set eyes upon Sir Edward Chichester, of her Majesty's ship *Immortalité*, who gave such a friendly backing to Admiral Dewey at Manila. Enthusiastic Americans at the Hotel Cecil invited Sir Edward to mount a platform and speak a piece. Platforms come easily to a naval commander: they remind him of the quarter-deck; so Sir Edward Chichester was perfectly at home. In some professions, traditional manners and deportment have gone out. Statesmen do not look as they did in the days when they were painted with one hand feeling a beating patriotic heart, and the other grasping the scroll of the nation's destinies. You might pass a statesman in the Strand, and think of him as merely an ill-dressed person. If you saw a Bengali gentleman, how would you know that he was a Senior Wrangler? Sir Edward Chichester, however, even in a swallow-tail coat, was the British sailor to the life, with a face bronzed to a delicate mahogany tint, with a rolling voice and a chuckle at the end of it. Had he hitched his trousers and cried "Belay!" we should all have responded, "Avast there!" and broken into a hornpipe.

Sir Edward Chichester told us how the British at Manila ran short of "fresh chow," and how Admiral Dewey served

out a ration of a pound of it a day for every man. On a basis of "fresh chow" the Anglo-American understanding was mightily refreshed. When the *Immortalité* went to Hong-Kong, one of the British officers was telling of their privations at Manila. "You don't seem much the worse," remarked his audience. "You look as if you had eaten chow as usual," The British officer tapped a comfortable paunch and said, "Dewey did it!" Never upon the stage have I seen a touch of broad comedy given with a richer zest than Sir Edward Chichester gave to this little impersonation. And he smiled a smile that set the sea and sun dancing in his complexion. "Dewey did it!" he repeated. "Blood's thicker than water!" I have read that familiar phrase many a time in leading articles without any particular emotion; but uttered by the commander of the *Immortalité* with that breezy chuckle, it carried a new and original conviction.

A beauty show in Paris has provoked some disparaging comment in a London journal. It is noted with satisfaction that no Englishwomen competed. If they had, it is hinted, their charms would have failed to captivate a patriotic French jury. I am not so sure of that. Many Frenchmen who have never ceased to declaim against the perfidies of Albion have made soft eyes at the English *mees*. They may criticise the figure of the creamy English girl, but they are enslaved by her eyes and her complexion. Sometimes there is a desperate struggle in the French mind between patriotic prejudice and the beauty of the enemy's daughters. You will find a diverting instance of this in one of Maupassant's stories. The supposed narrator has married an English wife, and he deplors this misadventure to a friend. His hostility to her race was disarmed by her sweetness, and, above all, by the simplicity of her broken French. It was a fatal delight to listen to her accent, and to correct the pearly, but imperfect idioms which fell from her lips. So he married her; but alas! she learned to speak French admirably, and then the spell was broken. He found himself wedded to a dogged line of Puritan ancestors, to say nothing of the victors of Trafalgar and Waterloo. Quaint are the vagaries of patriotism. A Kentucky politician told Max O'Rell that he would never allow his children to visit England for fear they should "catch the English pronunciation." It was the English pronunciation of the French tongue which made Maupassant's complaining countryman a victim of the *mees*.

Beauty shows, remarks the London critic, are confined among the fastidious English people to barmaids. I can imagine a Parisian reading this with some amusement. "What of those types of English beauty," he may ask, "that one admires in your shop-windows—ladies out of Debrett, who permit the photographer to publish their charms, which are thus exposed to the critical inspection of every connoisseur on the pavement? What of the beauty show in the Mall on Drawing-Room day, when the originals of these photographs are tastefully displayed under glass for the diversion of spectators who, if they like, may award the prize of loveliness by show of hands?" Not quite the same thing, you may answer, as the direct appeal of candidates to a tribunal of experts. Really the difference is not great enough to justify that superior sniff with which we dwell upon the gaieties of French manners. The truth is that beauty is a perpetual show in all countries except those Eastern climes where it is hidden by the selfish proprietorship of man behind a yashmak, though I am informed by travellers that even the yashmak is a potent weapon of feminine coquetry. You cannot sit in a fashionable restaurant without noticing that all the beauty is decked and apparelled for competition. Let half-a-dozen of the reigning charmers assemble at Prince's with their trains of devotees, and you will see the whole restaurant turned into a hall of judgment. The manager might as well go round with a voting urn. I commend this idea to the genial author of "Dinners and Diners" for another of those entertaining papers on the London restaurants, their delicacies and their prices, which he decorates with a background of romance.

After beauty, let us have an intellectual show. I want to see those wonderful ratepayers of Portsmouth who have warned the local School Board against the teaching of the theory that our planet is round. They say it is flat, and that any educational authority who pretends the contrary exposes himself to penalties under the "Impositors Act." The shade of John Hampden ought to rejoice—I don't mean the Hampden who protested against the arbitrary policy of King Charles I., but the Hampden who preached the flatness of the earth, and even wagered five hundred pounds on the issue. He lost his money, and went protesting to the grave. His memory is now vindicated at Portsmouth, and the "Impositors Act" is threatening the Duke of Devonshire and Sir John Gorst. The country needs to be roused on this subject, and the professors of the new science ought to distribute their photographs widely, and exhibit themselves in the principal cities. I think they would find it a useful advertisement to visit Prince's, and allow the manager to put a notice in the hall of the table where the savants from Portsmouth are sitting. The author of "Dinners and Diners" would be deeply interested, I am sure, in the kind of meal ordered by a man who says the earth is flat.

A LOOK ROUND.

Fine June weather has afforded many opportunities for enjoying to the full the delight of a trip to one or other of the lovely reaches of the Upper Thames. Few of those fond of seeking their pleasure in this direction could have missed last Sunday. Always fashionable, the river on the Sunday after Ascot proved more so than ever: perhaps because that most favourite spot, Boulter's Lock, will by another season have changed its character and may not again present quite the same brilliant picture. A supreme attraction was the knowledge that the Prince of Wales would accompany his host and hostess, Lord and Lady Alington, on board the electric launch *Eta*. The Australian cricketers, with the halo around them of victory over England, were also there on board the launch *Beatrice*. Both above and below the famous lock the Thames will, from now to beyond the end of the London Season, present many similar gay spectacles. Beloved Henley will extend over the fifth, sixth, and seventh days of July; and, by reason of its international character, promises to be more than usually attractive.

To return to the almost invincible cricket team from Australia: a powerful eleven, enjoying the advantage of constant practice together, they obtained an easy victory, and no wonder, in the second "test" match, which drew enormous crowds to Lord's on the last three days of the past week. C. B. Fry, Ranjitsinhji, and other well-known English batsmen had to submit to the destructive bowling of Jones. Only A. C. MacLaren (88 not out), F. S. Jackson (73 and 37), Hayward (77), and G. L. Jessop (51) made anything like a stand for England. For Australia, C. Hill scored 135 and Trumper 135, not out, in a splendid first innings of 421; and by admirable cricket generally—our fielding vying in excellence with bowling and batting—our visitors won the match by ten wickets. Australia is "advancing," indeed, by leaps and bounds—quite *à la* kangaroo, in fine.

With "Norma" (and what an impressive Druidical priestess Madame Lilli Lehmann made!) and "Don Giovanni" in the bill, it would have seemed as if old times were being revived at the Opera were it not for the incontrovertible fact that Covent Garden is fullest when Wagner holds the boards. The remarkable popularity of the great German composer may be in a measure due to the supreme personal attractiveness of that ideal Wagneresque hero, M. Jean de Reszke, who delights Belgravia and Brixton alike by the chivalric grace of his bearing no less than by his dulcet tenor voice. If the house "rose at him" when he repeated his unrivalled performance of Lohengrin last Saturday night in the goodly company of M. Edouard de Reszke, Mr. Bispham, Madame Nordica, and Madame Lehmann—what of the reception awaiting M. Jean de Reszke on his last appearance (alas!) this season, as Tristan? With grateful recollections of the pleasure given by this incomparable artist in the famous love-duet in "Tristan and Isolde," and in many other operas, we can but wish him a "good time" during his holidays, and a sure return to us next summer, in the full enjoyment of his rare natural gifts.

Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott are experienced American artists, who have proved their excellence everywhere on the great continent of America. They first appeared in London at the Duke of York's Theatre in an American cowboy drama by Clyde Fitch. The majority present vastly enjoyed the play. Another piece was produced last Monday by the same company in the same playhouse, written by a charming lady dramatist, Madeleine Lucette Ryley, and called "An American Citizen." It is a pretty, homely, Dickens-like work, not really so good as the ranch drama, and it has succeeded as well as the play by Clyde Fitch. The actors and actresses are the same, and they now prove how good they were at the outset. Nat Goodwin is a calm, self-contained, self-reliant, American comedian, with no tricks or affectation about him. Maxine Elliott is a lovely woman who can act. So is her pretty sister Gertrude. Most lovely women on the stage are amateurs. And a good word should be said for Ysobel Haskins, a handsome, intelligent, experienced actress, who should make a great mark in this country. All this is another proof of the value of a "stock company" accustomed to play together.

"DR." RHODES.

[Mr. Rhodes went down to Oxford on Wednesday to have the degree of D.C.L. conferred upon him.]

He blundered badly when he paid
Amazing sums of money down
To organise the luckless Raid
That never reached the "golden" town.
He owns his error, so we see
Him penitent, and, if you please,
How can such retrogression be
More natural than by degrees?

After Ascot comes a calm in racing matters. The attention of sportsmen has this week being centred chiefly upon the North Country. There is a wonderful difference in the Northumberland Plate Day now and the condition of things prevailing some twenty to thirty years ago. The race is now contested over the course in the lovely grounds of Gosforth Park, a few miles from Newcastle-on-Tyne. A portion of this park is situated above the wonderful underground galleries of the coalmine, in which George Stephenson worked as a boy. Some years ago, the Northumberland Plate was run upon the Newcastle Town Moor, and the scene upon each anniversary was one not readily forgotten by anyone who witnessed it. When the races were removed from the Old Town Moor and Gosforth Park meeting was established as a private venture, the "Pitman's Derby," as the Plate was called, lost its old glory. For a long time the colliers refused to go and pay their shilling admission, but they are getting used to it now, and assemble in large crowds once again.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

After libations of green and yellow Chartreuse, the doctors are likely to prescribe a dose of butter-milk. Mr. A. W. Pinero and Mr. Carton have provided the stage with spirituous liqueurs; Dr. Conan Doyle has suggested the antidote of butter-milk. The new little play, "Halves," at the Garrick, could not intoxicate a fly or ruffle the even temperament of a Bishop's surrogate. Robertson, Albery, and the author of the "Stranger" combined could not have produced so much "goody-goody" as is contained in the lives of the two brothers conceived by Dr. Doyle. The one is a wanderer; the other a stay-at-home. Their mother, *in articulo mortis*, or very nearly that, makes the brothers swear a solemn oath to meet in twenty-five years' time and share together their profit and their loss. The doctor sticks to his surgery, and is helped in good fortune by a shrewish, discontented, cantankerous wife. The bachelor explorer fills dozens of boxes with gold nuggets collected on a ranch. They meet as agreed. Everyone is good, almost too good for this world. The brothers, like Jonathan and David, are "lovely and pleasant in their lives"; the mother is on the high road to canonisation; the sporting butler is evidently a "sidesman" at the village church; the daughter is all smiles and book-muslin, an angel without wings; even the discontented wife is taken up eventually into the paradise of good fellowship and Pan-Anglican conferences. Mr. Brandon Thomas the tall and Mr. Welch the small distinguished themselves in admirably contrasted characters. Miss Geraldine Olliffe is a clever, graceful, and thoughtful actress; Mr. Shelton was one beam of fun; and we are likely to hear very much more of Mr. Fitzroy Morgan, who looks like a born comedian. In a strictly "conventional" play he was the one bit of originality in character and temperament. But for all that the play is not so much "goody-goody" as "pretty-pretty." As the old gardener once said to the pretty girl standing in the porch on a breezy day, "Ah, Missie, it will blow you sweet!" Dr. Conan Doyle's play will blow the stage sweet—and not before it was wanted.

"The Heather Field," by Edward Martyn, a dreamy writer, is unquestionably for the study, not the stage. Its symbols and affectations are not for the robust and healthy playgoer. When they hear, uttered in wild Irish harp tones, the words from a sulky wife—

"I have not heard—No. What has happened? For Heaven's sake, speak!"

and find the wife's question answered by

"The wild heath has broken out again in the heather-field!"

well, then, the majority in the audience will be as wise or as puzzled as they were before. The story of "The Heather Field" is one long wail of sorrow. The hero is an impracticable poetic madman. The heroine is a practical unpoetic shrew. Their best friend is a bore. The result is that the experienced critic of plays will own that Mr. Thomas Kingston is an actor of great talent who ought to be encouraged; that young Benjamin Webster has done nothing better than the mournful, isolated student; that young Marsh Allen ought to be looked after by managers; that Miss May Whitty has again come to the front; and that the little boy, Charles Sefton, who plays Kit, is a revelation. We want no more "girl boys" after that delightfully natural Kit.

If anyone is in search of real, downright cleverness from young and up-to-date actors and actresses, they will find it at the Avenue Theatre. The entertainment is aptly called "Pot-Pourri." It is an imitation of the "Revue" so popular in France. There are "skits" on plays of the hour; a liberal chaffing of eminent men and women of the stage; and the kind of fun that is found at a fashionable supper-party. Of course, the thing wants "editing" and pulling together. New business should be introduced every night. The play should be a kind of dramatised "special edition" of the evening papers. All that will come in time. Meanwhile, the material is excellent, and it mostly comes from the despised music hall, where at any rate the artists know how to speak and to carry their talent over the footlights. Best of the bunch are Claire Romaine and Marie Dainton. Who, you will ask, has ever heard of either of them? But we shall all hear a great deal of them by-and-by. Claire Romaine has a wonderful song, full of delicate, sly humour, descriptive of Mary the Housemaid—music-hall art, if you will, but art of the very best. Folks are also talking of Marie Dainton's imitation of Marie Tempest and of scores of other clever things. And then we have Jeanne May as a miniature and very clever pocket Sarah Bernhardt; and the best proof of hereditary talent in young Farren Soutar, the son of our only, inimitable, and unequalled Nellie Farren. The Avenue entertainment makes people laugh and "drives dull care away."

Really, Mr. Edwards' company of comedians does not play the game. Disregarding the sacred conventions of "musical comedy," the actors at Daly's Theatre have dared to offer new readings of that venerable classic, "A Gaiety Girl." Thus, Dr. Brierly, fashionable physician, calmly translates himself from the plane of Gilbertian comedy to that of Terryan farce. Sweet Rose has grown so demure that she cannot dance and fears to sing too loudly. The tunely Captain Goldfish is so ignorant of his own traditions that he comports himself as naturally as if there were no audience in front of him. And even the proud Gaiety Girl herself has forgotten altogether the virtuous indignation with which she once repelled the outrageous charge of theft. To veterans who can recall memories of '94 all this must needs be infinitely sad. Their comfort must be that, despite all temptations to modernity, Mina, the spiteful little French maid, still remains an Adelphi adventuress in miniature.

A remarkably fine leonine subject is Mr. Herbert Dicksee's original etching, entitled "Maternal Care." It is well reproduced by Messrs. Frost and Reed, 8, Clare Street, Bristol.

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XXVIII.—XXXI. By S. R. Crockett.

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1. In the British Guiana Gold-Fields: Washing Gold.
2. Street in Georgetown, Demerara.

3. Timber Grant on the Essequibo.
4. Essequibo Indians entertaining a Gold-Tropector.

5. British Penal Settlement on the Mazuruni.
6. Gold-Tropector's Camp in the Disputed Territory.

SKETCHES ON THE VENEZUELAN BOUNDARY.



THE TROUBLE IN SOUTH AFRICA: SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE, FIGHTING BOERS, AND OTHER TYPES.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Melton Prior.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ROYALTY AT BOULTER'S LOCK.

Sunday on the Thames between Windsor and Cookham, in the pleasant summer weather and the yet bright leafy verdure of June, is most agreeably enjoyed in a steam or electric launch if one does not care to row; the former for choice, beyond question, though no artificial vehicle on the water may ever cause us not to envy the swans. The Prince of Wales and his daughter the Duchess of Fife, being the guests of Lord and Lady Alington at Down Place, Windsor, after the Ascot Races week, with the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry and Lord Chelsea, had an opportunity, at five or six in the afternoon, of refreshing themselves in such an aquatic trip. They were in the electric-launch *Eta*, which was followed by *Maudie*, a steam-launch, carrying some others of the Down Place party. Seldom has the beauty of the overhanging woods at Cliveden been viewed in greater perfection than in this season. In passing through Boulter's Lock at Maidenhead, the Prince of Wales was greeted with hearty goodwill by a multitude of spectators.

THE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

Mr. G. Birtwistle, who was bracketed equal as Senior Wrangler, received his early education at the Fulledge Wesleyan day school at Burnley. At eleven years of age he won a scholarship at the Burnley Grammar School, where he distinguished himself in the Cambridge Local Examinations. He won two exhibitions which enabled him to proceed to Owens College, Manchester, where he was particularly successful in mathematics. In 1896 he took the degree of B.Sc. and won a scholarship at Pembroke. During his undergraduate career at Pembroke he won the Beatson scholarship and other prizes. Mr. Birtwistle's private tutor was Mr. Webb.

Mr. Raghunath Purushottam Paranjpye, who was bracketed equal with Mr. Birtwistle in the Mathematical Tripos, is a native of the Mundi District, Ratnagiri, India. He was educated at Ferguson College, Poona, and at the Bombay University. In 1896 he gained the Government of India scholarship, and in the same year proceeded to Cambridge University. At St. John's College he soon distinguished himself and obtained a foundation scholarship. Mr. Paranjpye is also a pupil of Mr. Webb.

Mr. Samuel Bruce McLaren, third Wrangler, is an Australian. He was born and received his early education at Melbourne. Three years ago he came over to England and obtained a sizarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which college he is now a scholar.

The women candidates in the Tripos have scarcely maintained the high record of last year, when Miss Cave Brown Cave was equal to the fifth Wrangler. Their appearance is, nevertheless, creditable to the mathematical ability of the sex proverbially non-mathematical. The highest lady Wrangler this year is Miss Laphorn, who is placed between the twenty-first and twenty-fourth Wranglers. Miss Laphorn is the daughter of Mr. Edwin Laphorn, of Gosport. She was educated at Portsmouth High School until 1895, when she entered Bedford College. There she studied for a year, and was coached by Mr. P. Harding. In 1896 she went to Girton, where her tutor was Mr. A. N. W. Whitehead. The second lady Wrangler is Miss Lucy Ashcroft, who has been placed equal to thirty-sixth. Miss Ashcroft is a student of Newnham.

THE VENEZUELA ARBITRATION.

In opening the case for the British colonial title to dominion over the disputed strip of territory west of the river Essequibo, Sir Richard Webster, Q.C., the Attorney-General, has to speak during many successive days, frequently reading extracts from a mass of ancient official documents, copied and translated out of the State Archives of the Kingdom of Spain in the sixteenth century, or those of the Dutch United Provinces in the seventeenth century.

Our Illustrations depict some typical scenes in the neighbourhood of the disputed territory. They include characteristic incidents of the gold-seeker's life, and the friendly passages between him and the Indians. The Mazurani, on which the penal settlement stands, is a left bank tributary of the Essequibo, and forms for fifty miles the boundary between British and Dutch Guiana. Georgetown is picturesque, but unhealthy.

AUTOMOBILE SHOW AT RICHMOND.

On Saturday, in the Old Deer Park at Richmond, where a Horse Show had taken place earlier last week, the Automobile Club of the United Kingdom opened its exhibition,

continuing through this week. The entries, contributed not only by British and Irish, but also French and American owners and inventors or manufacturers, exceeded two hundred; consisting of motor-cycles with various kinds of mechanical power applied; spirit, oil, steam, and electric power vehicles. The utility of mechanism as a substitute for horse draught on tolerable roads seems to be a principle now fully proved by practical experiments of great variety. The leading members of the Automobile Club, headed by Mr. R. W. Wallace, Q.C., the chairman, drove out from Whitehall to Richmond in a procession of motor-cars representing all the most improved and most recent English and French inventions. Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, with many of the nobility and persons of fashionable society, attended on the opening day.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AT MAIDSTONE.

The pleasant town of Maidstone, in the fair valley of the Medway, the Garden of Kent, may this summer get some compensation for its temporary affliction by an epidemic disease a few years ago, from being visited by the great Agricultural Society of England, whose show in Mote Park was opened on Monday, the Earl of Coventry being President upon this occasion. The attendance of visitors on the first day was but small, indeed scarcely more than half the number last year; but it comprised many of the noblemen and country gentlemen recognised



Photo. Scott and Wilkinson, Cambridge.
MR. R. P. PARANJPYE,
Bracketed Senior Wrangler.

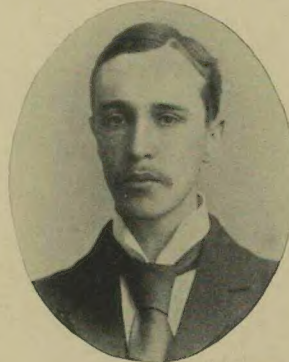


Photo. Stearn, Cambridge.
MR. G. BIRTWISTLE,
Bracketed Senior Wrangler.



Photo. West and Son, Gosport.
MISS NORA LAPHORN,
Placed between 21st—24th Wranglers.



Photo. Clarke, Cambridge.
MR. S. B. McLAREN,
3rd Wrangler.



Photo. Stearn, Cambridge.
MISS LUCY ASHCROFT,
Equal 36th Wrangler.

THE CAMBRIDGE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

as leading patrons of stock-breeding and of improved rural husbandry, and some delegates from the French Agricultural Societies, who made a special study of the British shorthorn cattle. Earl Spencer and Lords Ravensworth, Amherst, Camperdown, and Harrington, Sir Walter Gilbey, and Sir Nigel Kingscote were among the earliest to make their appearance. On Tuesday, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales visited this meeting and delivered an unusually long speech, in which he sketched the history of Maidstone from the earliest times.

MR. HAL HURST'S EXHIBITION.

What is known in the slang of the studios as a "one man exhibition" may claim to have established its popularity. Among the latest and most interesting of these is Mr. Hal Hurst's exhibition, which has just been opened at the Modern Gallery in Bond Street. Mr. Hurst, whose work is so well known to our readers, exhibits 209 pictures, of which we reproduce four characteristic examples.

THE RETURN OF DREYFUS.

The utmost care is being taken by the French authorities to have Captain Dreyfus conveyed secretly to his prison at Rennes. The courthouse and military prison, which we illustrate this week, closely adjoin each other, and the prisoner will be brought directly into court from the jail through a small door which has been especially constructed. A screen will be fixed over the window of the prisoner's room to prevent his communicating with the houses opposite.

THE CHRONICLES OF LUTETIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

With five full days between the writing and the publication of this letter, it is difficult to foretell what the interval may have in store, even if I felt inclined to prophesy. It is needless to say that I have no inclination that way, yet I have a kind of foreboding that before these lines are in print, or, perhaps, shortly after, something will happen in the nature of a retrograde movement in the Dreyfus affair. My readers must be as tired of the mention of it as I am, yet they must bear with me, for, after all, I am not responsible for the political and social atmospheres of Paris, and, for the matter of that, of France, and all these are positively charged with the Dreyfus case, and with nothing else.

I do not know in how far the apparently relentless enemies of Alfred Dreyfus are justified in their confidence; all I know is that the feeling of unrest has increased instead of diminished. By this time there are ominous signs of distrust on the part of Dreyfus's friends of the Rennes court-martial, while the rioters of Anteuil—in spite of the punishment awarded to some of the ringleaders—are very jubilant. In addition to this, the various political factions will not abate for one moment their pretensions—the Radicals and even more advanced politic-mongers being the worst offenders in that respect—and France at the time I am writing is practically without a Government, although the retiring Ministry continues nominally to discharge the Ministerial duties. If each of those factions had shown a little temporary forbearance, the Ministerial crisis might, at least, have been at an end; but it would seem as if the words Sydney Smith wrote a century all but four years ago are as pertinent as ever, and that rational liberty has as yet become no more feeling and habit with the French than it was in 1803.

This is the outlook, and it will be admitted that it is not a cheerful one. For all that, I refuse to share the alarmist feelings of some of my English colleagues in Paris, who are practically implying that a revolution is imminent. A revolution in favour of whom or of what? A revolution means the facing of each other of two forces, either equally well armed, or the one less well provided with weapons than the other. This cannot be the case at present. Up to the end of May 1871—i.e., up to the end of the Commune, nearly every Parisian or Frenchman in general was either in possession of a rifle or could

obtain one by brow-beating or frightening a timorous tradesman belonging to the National Guard. This was done in July 1830, February 1848, June 1848, June 1849, and December 1851. At present there are no such means of obtaining arms. There is no longer a National Guard; for though every Frenchman is nominally a soldier from the age of twenty-one to the age of forty-six, he has no rifle and side-arms after he has finished his active service of three years, and even then he does not take them with him during his short periods of leave. The reservists and territorials, who in

time of peace only join their regiments for twenty-eight days annually, and the "territorials" not always, receive their arms on joining and return them at the expiration of their period of drill.

A so-called revolution, therefore, would be simply a demonstration by the army in favour of this or that pretender, or of a general aiming at a dictatorship. He would want the support of all his fellow-Generals of the garrison, and of all the Colonels of the regiments composing that garrison. Frankly, I do not think there is one General in the French Army who could command that support. The chiefs of the French Army are as jealous now of each other as they have always been, and perhaps more divided among each other than they have ever been. There was once a traveller in Spain who averred that if certain nocturnal pests had been all of one mind, they would have succeeded in pulling him out of bed. The Third Republic is metaphorically that traveller with regard to the combined action of its army chiefs, and therein lies the strength of the Third Republic rather than in the wisdom and statesmanship of its legislators. There may be disturbances, whether Dreyfus is finally acquitted or recondemned, and the army may be called upon to quell them at the cost of some bloodshed; but a revolution would only be possible if there were another Bonaparte to repeat an eighteenth Brumaire with one part of the army, and another part were to oppose him. But there is no Bonaparte; and if there were, and only a dozen Generals had cognisance of the fact, or a suspicion of it, the chances would be in favour of all the Generals rallying to that small group. *A bon entendeur, salut.*

PERSONAL.

There can be no doubt that the Government are supported in their South African policy by the responsible leaders of the Opposition. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, while strongly deprecating any warlike sentiment, has substantially acquiesced in the demands of Sir Alfred Milner. This fact ought to weigh with President Kruger, who has notoriously cherished the hope that the Opposition would help him to defy the reasonable claims of the Outlanders. The Transvaal is posing as an independent State, and certain Radicals are encouraging it in that attitude. Hence the talk about arbitration, as if England, as the Suzerain of South Africa, would consent to refer to a foreign Power the questions which vitally concern the peace of her colonies. Sir Alfred Milner is blamed for the energy of a despatch which recounts the intolerable burdens of the Boer administration. The Outlanders were invited to settle in the country and develop its resources, and in return for this service they are denied all political rights, grossly over-taxed, and deprived of even the most elementary security of life and property. This is what Sir Alfred Milner has proved to the hilt.

The late Mr. Lawson Tait, whose death removed one of the most distinguished members of the medical profession, was especially eminent as an authority on gynaecology, in which his researches were chiefly conducted. He may be said to have effected a revolution at least as regards the surgical department of the science. His system is now almost generally accepted, and in America has found especial recognition. By birth a Scotchman, he came in early life to England, and settled in Birmingham in 1870. He has remained in that city ever since, taking a very active part in the local life of the place. In 1886 he contested Bordesley as a Home Ruler, but was defeated by Mr. Jesse Collings. For the last few months he had been in failing health, but his death (which took place at Llandudno) came unexpectedly.

It is said that Madame Bernhardt has been refused permission to play in Alsace and Lorraine until she complies with the condition imposed by the German authorities. This is that she shall first play in Berlin. Truly, a subtle compliment to the great actress! The German Emperor wishes, above all, to see Madame Bernhardt in his own capital. Hence the provisional veto on her visit to Alsace. It looks as if Madame Bernhardt by going to Berlin would do a great deal more for the cause of European peace than is likely to be accomplished at the Hague Conference.

The Kaiser ran his yacht ashore while racing on the Elbe. Will any reference to this mishap as a proof that his Majesty's yachtmanship (he was at the helm when the accident happened) is not perfect be regarded as *lèse-majesté*?

The late Rev. John Turland Brown, who was for over fifty years pastor of the College Street Church, Northampton, died on June 11 at the age of eighty. Mr. Brown, who ministered to the most important Baptist congregation in Northamptonshire, was one of the founders of the Liberation Society. In 1877 he was elected President of the Baptist Union. For the four years previous to his removal to Northampton he was minister at Oakham Baptist Church. He was held in the greatest esteem, both by his congregation and by the community, and when he celebrated his jubilee in 1893 his Church presented him with a purse of a thousand guineas.

Ministry-making in France is exceptionally difficult on the eve of the second Dreyfus court-martial. This is unfortunate, because it has incited the military faction to excesses which no civil power ought to tolerate. Here is General Mercier virtually ordering the court-martial which is to sit at Rennes to convict Captain Dreyfus on the wonderful testimony this discredited General is going to give them. He gave it to the Supreme Court, which thought it worthless. The military conspirators want the new tribunal to defy the Court of Cassation by refusing to confine the fresh inquiry to the issue clearly laid down. Meantime, M. Bourgeois is called from the Hague to succeed in the Cabinet-making task where M. Poincaré and M. Waldeck-Rousseau failed.

Colonel John Fildes Brocklehurst, commanding the Royal Horse Guards, who has been selected to fill the vacancy caused on the staff of the Queen's Equerries by the death of the Earl of Strathford, is forty-seven years of age. In 1874 he joined the Royal Horse Guards as Lieutenant, having passed from the Militia. In 1881 he was made Captain, in 1885 Brevet-Major, attaining his full Majority two years later. He became Colonel in 1895. Colonel Brocklehurst saw active service in Egypt from 1884 to 1885, took part in the former expedition in 1882, being present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. For his services he was decorated with the medal and clasp and bronze star. He had charge of the remount of the depot of the Nile Expedition in 1884, and was mentioned in despatches for his services in that campaign.

Mr. Arthur Dewar, who defeated General Wauchope in the South Edinburgh election, winning the seat for the Opposition by a majority of 831, is an Edinburgh advocate, a brother of the Lord Provost of Perth, who is head of the Dewar firm of whisky-distillers. These two brothers are strong Liberals, but the third brother, Sheriff Dewar, is a Conservative, and stood unsuccessfully for the Waltham-stow Division in the bye-election of January 1897.

The Baroness von Suttner—who is reluctantly leaving the Hague, where she has been watching the Peace Conference, in order to attend the International Congress of Women in London—occupies one of the most distinguished positions in the modern humanitarian movement. A well-known and charming figure in Austrian Society, and at the same time a novelist of European fame, she has for many years devoted herself unselfishly to the propagation of the idea of Peace, attending the unofficial congresses that have met in leading Continental cities, and editing a monthly magazine called after her great novel, "Die Waffen Nieder!" ("Lay Down Your Arms"). It is by this novel, which has passed through some thirty German editions, that her talent has become most widely appreciated. Its subject-matter is the four wars which ravaged Central Europe from 1859 to 1871, and it is full of terrible and thrilling episodes told with the skill of a great artist. The English edition, published by the International Arbitration Association, is from the pen of Mr. Timothy Holmes. Besides her other novels, the Baroness wrote some years ago a volume of philosophical and æsthetic essays under the title "Das Maschinalter." This remarkable book was for a long time attributed to various great Germans till the true authorship became known.

The late Mr. Henry Duff Linton, who died on June 18, was connected with *The Illustrated London News* from its foundation in 1842. In 1837 he joined his brother, the late W. J. Linton, and from him learned wood-engraving. In the first issue of this Journal he took a very active part. In 1844 Mr. Linton went to Paris and worked for M. Brest and *L'Illustration*. In 1851 he was again an engraver at the office of *The Illustrated London News*, and made the acquaintance of Edmond Morin. In 1855, together with Morin, he devised a scheme for a weekly illustrated paper, which was to be called *Pen and Pencil*. His connection with *The Illustrated London News* lasted till 1858, when he went to Paris to direct the engraving department of *Le Monde Illustré*. In 1866 he again rejoined the staff of the *News*. In 1868 he went to his brother in New York, and worked for Leslie's publications, and returned in 1873 to join the staff of the *News* once

again. The last block he engraved for this Journal was Sir L. Alma Tadema's "Pandora" in 1881.

The proposal to confer the honorary degree of D.C.L. at Oxford on Mr. Rhodes has excited a good deal of opposition. A protest signed by the Master of Balliol and ninety graduates, including well-known Professors, has been presented to the heads of the University. It is based on the ground that the University ought not to appear to endorse those acts of Mr. Rhodes which he admitted to the South African Committee. Curiously enough, the honorary degree has been suspended, as it were, over him since 1892, when he might have taken it had circumstances permitted him to be in England at the proper time. Never before has the degree of D.C.L. been turned into a kind of sword of Damocles.

Some very successful experiments in wireless aerial telegraphy were made on Saturday by Signor Marconi and the French naval authorities at Wimereux, near Boulogne, in communication with the station at the South Foreland of Kent, and with the French cruiser *Vienne*, proceeding far beyond Boulogne. Messages were transmitted to a distance of forty-two miles.

The Rev. Thomas Wortley Drury, who has been appointed Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, has been since 1882 Principal of the Church Missionary College at Islington. The Rev. Thomas Drury studied at Christ College, Cambridge, and was ordained deacon in 1871 and priest in 1872. His first curacy was Braddan, Isle of Man. He was afterwards Rector of Holy Trinity, Chesterfield. Since 1892 he has been Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Liverpool; since 1898 chaplain to the London Diocesan Lay Helper Association. His experience in the control of an educational institution such as the College at Islington eminently fits him for his new duties at Ridley Hall.

In announcing that the Government would take every day for the remainder of the session Mr. Balfour intimated that a Clerical Tithe Bill would be laid before the House of Commons. This measure is intended to remedy a grievance of the clergy, who are to receive an allowance of public money. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman threatened a fierce opposition, on the ground that a Bill of such a controversial character ought not to be introduced so late. The Welsh members will be especially warlike, as tithe is a subject of embittered dispute in Wales. Mr. Balfour appeared to think as little of the coming commotion as Lord Salisbury thought of the demand of Lord Stanley of Alderley for a Commission of Inquiry into the administration of the Royal Academy. Lord Salisbury remarked airily that Commissions were numerous, and that very little ever came of them. On the whole, he was disposed to leave the Academy alone, in spite of Lord Stanley's suggestion of sweeping reforms, such as the reduction of the number of pictures exhibited, and the establishment of one free day in the week.

The late Mr. E. J. Cotton, General Manager of the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway, whose death took place on June 15, was accounted the doyen of British railway managers. A native of Rochester, Mr. Cotton began railway work when he was sixteen in the office of the Great Western Railway at Paddington. During three years he received a thorough training in the Traffic Department, whence he passed to the Railway Clearing House. After three years there, he was appointed to the staff of the North Eastern Railway, and, after a couple of years, was selected to manage the line between Waterford and Kilkenny. In 1857 he became manager of the Belfast and Ballymena Railway. His connection with the company was severed only by death. In 1895, the jubilee of the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway, Mr. Cotton also completed his half-century of railway service. During his management the railway has been greatly extended. The opening in 1896 of the London office of the Irish Railways, to which all the railway companies are parties, was the outcome of a suggestion by Mr. Cotton. In social life Mr. Cotton was greatly beloved and respected.

Mr. Horace Plunkett is greatly to be commiserated. Barely recovered from the effects of a bad bicycle accident, he had the misfortune to fall and hurt his convalescent limb. We fear this will be a sore discouragement to the hopes of even the most courageous cyclist.



Photo. Bennett.
COLONEL J. F. BROCKLEHURST.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. LAWSON TAIT.



Drawn from life by V. Ansoy.
BARONESS BERTHA VON SUTTNER.



Photo. Cooper.
THE LATE REV. J. T. BROWN.



THE LATE MR. H. D. LINTON.



Photo. Phillips, Belfast.
THE LATE MR. E. J. COTTON.

AUSTRALIANS IN LONDON.



Photo. Pradelle and Young.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM.



Photo. Pradelle and Young.

THE TEAM UP-RIVER: LEAVING BOULTER'S LOCK.



Trumper.

Hill.

THE TEST MATCH AT LORDS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA: TRUMPER AND HILL AT THE WICKETS.

From a Photograph by L. E. Mongiardino.

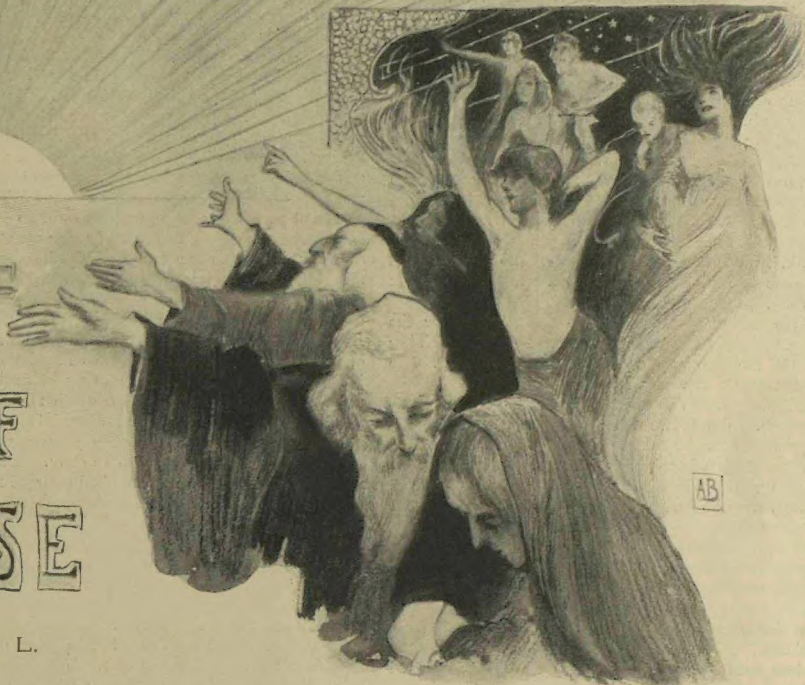
See "A LOOK ROUND."



THE LAND OF PROMISE

BY I. ZANGWILL.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. BIRKENRUTH.



"TELEGRAPH how many pieces you have."

In this wise did the Steam-ship Company convey to the astute agent its desire to know how many Russian Jews he was smuggling out of the Pale into the steerage of its Atlantic liner.

The astute agent's task was simple enough. The tales he told of America were only the clarification of a nebulous vision of the land flowing with milk and honey that hovered golden-rayed before all these hungry eyes. To the denizens of the Pale, in their cellars, in their gutter-streets, in their semi-subterranean shops consisting mainly of shutters and annihilating one another's profits; to the congested populations newly reinforced by the driving back of thousands from beyond the Pale, and yet multiplying still by an improvident reliance on Providence; to the old people pauperised by the removal of the vodka business to Christian hands, and the young people dammed back from their natural outlets by Pan-Slavic ukases, and clogged with whimsical edicts and rescripts—the astute agent's offer, of getting you through to the Better Land without the manifold worries of the journey through Germany, without even a Russian passport, by a simple passage from Libau to New York, was peculiarly alluring.

It was really almost an over-baiting of the hook on the part of the too astute agent to whisper that he had had secret information of a new thunderbolt about to be launched at the Pale; whereby the period of service for Jewish conscripts would be extended to fifteen years, and the area of service would be extended to Siberia.

"Three hundred and seventy-seven pieces," ran his telegram in reply. In a letter he suggested other business he might procure for the line.

"Confine yourself to freight," the Company wrote cautiously, for even under sealed envelopes you cannot be too careful. "The more the better."

Freight! The word was not inexact. Did not even the Government reports describe these exploiters of the Moujik as in some places packed in their hovels like salt-herrings in a barrel; as sleeping at night in serried masses in sties which by day were tallow or leather factories?

To be shipped as cargo came therefore natural enough. Nevertheless, each of these "pieces," being human after all, had a history, and one of these histories is here told.

II.

Nowhere was the poverty of the Pale bitterer than in the weavers' colony, in which Sruel betrothed himself to Biela. The dowries, which had been wont to kindle so

many young men's passions, had fallen to freezing-point; and Biela, if she had no near prospect of marriage, could console herself with the knowledge that she was romantically loved. Even the attraction of *keest*—temporary maintenance of the young couple by the father-in-law—was wanting in Biela's case, for the simple reason that she had no father, both her parents having died of the effort to get a living. For marriage-portion and *keest*, Biela could only bring her dark beauty, and even that was perhaps less than it seemed. For you scarcely ever saw Biela apart from her homely quasi-mother, her elder sister Leah, who, like the original Leah, had "tender eyes," which combined with a pock-marked face to ensure for her premature recognition as an old maid. The inflamed eyelids were the only legacy Leah's father had left her.

From Sruel's side, though his parents were living, came even fainter hope of the wedding-canopy. Sruel's father was blind—perhaps a further evidence that the local hygienic conditions were noxious to the eye in particular—and Sruel himself, who had occupied most of his time in learning to weave Rabbinic webs, had only just turned his attention to cloth, though Heaven was doubtless pleased with the gear of *Gemara* he had gathered in his short sixteen years. The old weaver had—in more than one sense—seen better days before his affliction and the great factories came on: days when the independent hand-weaver might sit busily before the loom from the raw dawn to the black midnight, taking his meals at the bench; days when, moreover, the "piece" of satin-faced cloth was many ells shorter. "But they make up for the extra length," he would say with pathetic humour, "by cutting the pay shorter."

The same sense of humour enabled him to bear up against the forced rests that increasing slackness brought the hand-weavers, while the factories whirled on. "Now is the proverb fulfilled," he cried to his unsmiling wife, "for there are two Sabbaths a week." Alas! as the winter grew older and colder, it became a week of Sabbaths. The wheels stood still; in all the colony not a spool was reeled. It was unprecedented. Gradually the factories had stolen their customers. Some sat waiting dazedly for the raw yarns they knew could no longer come at this season; others left the suburb in which the colony had drowsed from time immemorial, and sought odd jobs in the town, in the frowning shadows of the factories. But none would enter the factories themselves, though these were ready to suck them in on one sole condition.

Ah! here was the irony of the tragedy. The one

condition was the one condition the poor weavers could not accept. It was open to them to reduce the week of Sabbaths to its ancient diurnal dimensions provided the Sabbath itself came on Sunday. Nay, even the working-day offered them was less, and the wage more than their own. The deeper irony within this irony was that the proprietor of every one of these factories was a brother in Israel! Jeshurun grown fat and kicking.

Even the old blind man's composure deserted him when it began to be borne in on his darkness that the younger weavers were meditating surrender. The latent explosives generated through the years by their perusal of un-Jewish books in insidious "Yiddish" versions now bade fair to be touched to eruption by this paraded prosperity of wickedness, wickedness that had even discarded the caftan and shaved the corners of its beard.

"But thou, apple of my eye," the old man said to Sruel, "thou wilt die rather than break the Sabbath?"

"Father," quoted the youth, with a shuddering emotion at the bare idea, "I have been young and now I am old, but never have I seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging for bread."

"My son! A true spark of the Patriarchs!" And the old man clasped the boy to his arms and kissed him on the pious cheeks down which the ear-locks dangled.

"But if Biela should tempt thee, so that thou couldst have the wherewithal to marry her," put in his mother, who could not keep her thoughts off grandchildren.

"Not for apples of gold, mother, will I enter the service of these serpents."

"Nevertheless, Biela is fair to see, and thou art getting on in years," murmured the mother.

"Leah would not give Biela to a Sabbath-breaker," said the old man reassuringly.

"Yes, but suppose she gives her to a bread-winner," persisted the mother. "Do not forget that Biela is already fifteen, only a year younger than thyself."

But Leah kept firm to the troth she had plighted on behalf of Biela, even though the young man's family sank lower and lower, till it was at last reduced from the little suburban wooden cottage, with the spacious courtyard, to one corner of a large town-cellar, whose population became amphibious when the Vistula overflowed.

And Sruel kept firm to the troth Israel had plighted with the Sabbath-bride, even when his father's heart no longer beat, so could not be broken. The old man had remained to the last the most cheerful denizen of the cellar: perhaps because he was spared the vision of his

emaciated fellow-troglodytes. He called the cellar "Arba Kanfós," after the four-cornered garment of fringes which he wore; and sometimes he said these were the "Four Corners" from which, according to the Prophets, God would gather Israel.

III.

In such a state of things an agent scarcely needed to be astute. "Pieces" were to be had for the picking up. The only trouble was that they were not gold pieces. The ill-weavers could not defray the passage-money, still less the agent's commission for smuggling them through.

"If I only had a few hundred roubles," Sru! lamented to Leah, "I could get to a land where there is work without breaking the Sabbath, a land to which Biela could follow me when I waxed in substance."

Leah supported her household of three—for there was a younger sister, Tsirréle, who, being only nine, did not count except at meal-times—on the price of her piece-work at the Christian umbrella factory, where, by a considerable Russian law she could work on Sunday, though the Christians might not. Thus she earned, by literal sweating in a torrid atmosphere, three roubles, all except a varying number of kopecks, every week. And when you live largely on black bread and coffee, you may, in the course of years, save a good deal, even if you have three months. Therefore Leah had the sum, that Sru! mentioned so wistfully, put by for a rainy day (when there should be no umbrellas to make). And as the sum had kept increasing, the notion that it might form the nucleus of an establishment for Biela and Sru! had grown clearer and clearer in her mind, which it tickled delightfully. But the idea that now came to her of staking all on a possible future was agitating.

"We might perhaps be able to get together the money," she said tentatively. "But—" She shook her head, and the Russian proverb came to her lips. "Before the sun rises the dew may destroy you."

Sru! plunged into an eager recapitulation of the agent's assurances. And before the eyes of both the marriage-canopy reared itself splendid in the Land of Promise, and the figure of Biela flitted, crowned with the bridal wreath.

"But what will become of your mother?" Leah asked.

Sru!'s soap-bubbles collapsed. He had forgotten for the moment that he had a mother.

"She might come to live with us," Leah hastened to suggest, seeing his overclouded face.

"Ah no, that would be too much of a burden. And Tsirréle, too, is growing up."

"Tsirréle eats quite as much now as she will in ten years' time," said Leah, laughing, as she thought fondly of her dear beautiful little one, her gay whimsies and odd caprices.

"And my mother does not eat very much," said Sru!, wavering.

In this way Sru! became a "piece," and was dumped down in the Land of Promise.

IV.

To the four females left behind—odd fragments of two families thrown into an older one—the movements of the particular piece, Sru!, were the chief interest of existence. The life in the three-roomed wooden cottage soon fell into a routine, Leah going daily to the tropical factory, Biela doing the housework and dreaming of her lover, little Tsirréle frisking about and chattering like the squirrel she was, and Sru!'s mother dozing and criticising and yearning for her lost son and her unborn grandchildren. By the time Sru!'s first letter with its exciting pictorial stamp arrived from the Land of Promise, the household seemed to have been established on this basis from time immemorial.

"I had a lucky escape, God be thanked," Sru! wrote. "For when I arrived in New York I had only fifty-one roubles in my pocket. Now it seems that these rich Americans are so afraid of being overloaded with paupers that they will not let you in, if you have less than fifty dollars, unless you can prove you are sure to prosper. And a dollar, my dear Biela, is a good deal more than a rouble. However, blessed be the Highest One, I learned of this uncase just the day before we arrived, and was able to borrow the difference from a fellow-passenger, who lent me the money to show the Commissioners. Of course, I had to give it back to him as soon as I was passed, and as I had to pay him five roubles for the use of it, I set foot on the soil of freedom with only forty-six. However, it was well worth it; for just think, beloved Biela, if I had been shipped back and all that money wasted! The interpreter also said to me, 'I suppose you have got some work to do here?' 'I wish I had,' I said. No sooner had the truth slipped out than my heart seemed turned to ice, for I feared they would reject me after all as a poor wretch out of work. But quite the contrary; it seemed this was only a trap, a snare of the fowler. Poor Caminski fell into it—you remember the red-haired weaver, who sold his looms to the Maggid's brother-in-law. He said he had agreed to take a place in a glove factory. It is true, you know, that some Polish Jews have made a glove town in the north, so the poor man thought that would sound plausible. Hence you may expect to see Caminski's red hair back again, unless he takes ship again from Libau and tells the truth at the second attempt. I left him howling in a wooden pen, and declaring he would kill himself

rather than face his friends at home with the brand on his head of not being good enough for America. He did not understand that contract-labourers are not let in. Protection is the word they call it. Hence I thank God that my father—his memory for a blessing!—taught me to make Truth the law of my mouth, as it is written. Verily was the word of the Talmud (Tractate Sabbath) fulfilled at the landing-stage: 'Falshood cannot stay, but truth remains for ever.' With God's help, I shall remain here all my life, for it is a land flowing with milk and honey. I had almost forgotten to tell my dove that the voyage was hard and bitter as the Egyptian bondage; not because of the ocean, over which I passed as easily as our forefathers over the Red Sea, but by reason of the harshness of the overseers, who regarded not our complaints that the meat was not *kosher*, as promised by the agent. Also the butter and meat plates were mixed up. I and many with me lived on dry bread, nor could we always get hot water to make coffee. When my Biela comes across the great waters—God send her soon—she must take with her salt meat of her own."

From the first, Sru! courageously assumed that the meat would soon have to be packed; nay, that Leah might almost set about salting it at once. Even the slow beginnings of his profits as a pedlar did not daunt him. "A great country," he wrote on paper stamped with the Stars and Stripes, with an eagle screaming on the envelope. "No special taxes for the Jews, permission to travel where you please, the schools open freely to our children, no passports and papers at every step, above all, no conscription. No wonder the people call it God's own country. Truly, as it is written, this is none other but the House of God, this is the Gate of Heaven. And when Biela comes, it will be Heaven." Letters like this enlarged the little cottage as with an American room, brightened it as with a fresh wash of blue paint. Despite the dreary grind of the week, Sabbaths and festivals found the household joyous enough. The wedding-canopy of Sru! and Biela was a beacon of light for all four, which made life livable as they struggled towards it. Nevertheless, it came but slowly to meet them: nearly three years oozed by before Sru! began to lift his eye towards a store. The hereditary weaver of business combinations had emerged tardily from beneath the loom-weaver and the cloth-weaver, but of late he had been finding himself. "If I could only get together five hundred dollars clear," he wrote to Leah. "For that is all I should have to pay down for a ladies' store near Broadway, and just at the foot of the stairs of the Elevated Railway. What a pity I have only four hundred and thirty-five dollars! Stock and goodwill, and only five hundred dollars cash! The other five hundred could stand over at five per cent. If I were once in the store I could gradually get some of the rooms above (there is already a parlour, in which I shall sleep), and then, as soon as I was making a regular profit, I could send Biela and mother their passage-money, and my wife could help 'the boss' behind the counter."

To hasten the rosy day Leah sent thirty-five roubles, and presently, sure enough, Sru! was in possession, and a photograph of the store itself came over to gladden their weary eyes and dilate those of the neighbours. The photograph of Sru!, which had come eighteen months before, was not so suited for display, since his peaked cap and his caftan had been replaced by a jacket and a bowler, and, but for the ear-locks which were still in the picture, he would have looked like a factory-owner. In return, Sru! received a photograph of the four—taken together, for economy's sake—Leah with her arm round Biela's waist, and Tsirréle sitting in his mother's lap.

V.

But a long wearying struggle was still before the new "boss," and two years crept along, with their turns of luck and ill-luck, of bargains and bad debts, ere the visionary marriage-canopy (that seemed to span the Atlantic) began to stand solidly on American soil. The third year was not half over ere Sru! actually sent the money for Biela's passage, together with a handsome "waist" from his stock, for her to wear. But Biela was too timid to embark alone without Sru!'s mother, whose fare Sru! could not yet manage to withdraw from his capital. Leah, of course, offered to advance it, but Biela refused this vehemently, because a new hope had begun to spring up in her breast. Why should she be parted from her family at all? Since her marriage had been delayed these five and a half years, a few months more or less could make no difference. Let Leah's savings, then, be for Leah's passage (and Tsirréle's) and to give her a start in the New World. "It rains, even in America, and there are umbrella factories there, too," she urged. "You will make twice the living. Look at Sru!"

And there was a new fear, too, which haunted Biela's aching heart, but which she dared not express to Leah. Leah's eyes were getting worse. The temperature of the factory was a daily hurt, and then, too, she had read so many vilely printed Yiddish books and papers by the light of the tallow candle. What if she were going blind? What if, while she, Biela, was happy with Sru!, Leah should be starving with Tsirréle? No, they must all remain together: and she clung to her sister, with tears.

To Leah the prospect of witnessing her sister's happiness was so seductive that she tried to take the lowest

estimate of her own chances of finding work in New York. Her savings, almost eaten up by the journey, could not last long, and it would be terrible to have to come upon Sru! for help, a man with a wife and (if God were good) children, to say nothing of his old mother. No, she could not risk Tsirréle's bread.

But the increased trouble with her eyes turned her in favour of going, though, curiously enough, for a side reason quite unlike Biela's. Leah, too, was afraid of a serious breakdown, though she would not hint her fears to anyone else. From her miscellaneous Yiddish reading she had gathered that miraculous eye-doctors lived in Königsberg. Now a journey to Germany was not to be thought of; if she went to America, however, it could be taken en route. It would be a sort of saving, and few things appealed to Leah as much as economy. This was why, some four months later, the ancient furniture of the blue-washed cottage was sold off, and the quartette set their faces for America by way of Germany. The farewell to the home of their youth took place in the cemetery among the high-shouldered Hebrew-speaking stones. Leah and Biela passionately invoked the spirits of their dead parents and bade them watch over their children. The old woman scribbled Sru! and Biela's interlinked names over the flat tomb of a holy scholar. "Take their names up to the Highest One," she pleaded. "Entreat that their quiver be full, for the sake of thy righteousness."

More dead than alive, the four "pieces" with their bundles arrived at Hamburg. Days and nights of travelling, packed like "freight" in hard, dirty wooden carriages, the endless worry of passports, tickets, questions, hygienic inspections and processes, the illegal exactions of petty officials, the strange phantasmagoria of places and faces—all this had left them dazed. Only two things kept up their spirits—the image of Sru! waiting on the Transatlantic wharf in hymeneal attire, and the "pooh-pooh" of the miraculous Königsberg doctor, reassuring Leah as to her eyes. There was nothing radically the matter. Even the inflamed eyelids—though incurable, because hereditary—would improve with care. Peasant-like, Leah craved a lotion. "The sea-voyage and the rest will do you more good than my medicines. And don't read so much." Not a groshen did Leah have to pay for the great specialist's services. It was the first time in her hard life anybody had done anything for her for nothing, and her involuntary weeping over this phenomenon tended to hurt the very eyelids under attention. They were still further taxed by the kindness of the Jewish committee at Hamburg, on the look-out to smooth the path of poor emigrants and overcome their dietary difficulties. But it was a crowded ship, and our party reverted again to "freight." With some of the other females, they were accommodated in hammocks swung over the very dining-tables, so that they must needs rise at dawn and be cleared away before breakfast. The hot, oily whiff of the cooking-engines came through the rocking doorway. Of the quartette, only Tsirréle escaped sea-sickness, but "baby" was too accustomed to be petted and nursed to be able suddenly to pet and nurse, and she would spend hours on the slip of lower deck, peering into the fairy saloons which were vivified by bugle instead of bell, and in which beautiful people ate dishes fit for the saints in Heaven. By an effort of will, Leah soon returned to her rôle of factotum, but the old woman and Biela remained limp to the end. Fortunately, there was only one day of heavy rolling and battened-down hatches. For the bulk of the voyage the great vessel brushed the pack of waves disdainfully aside. And one wonderful day, amid unexpressed joy, New York arrived, preceded by a tug and by a boat that conveyed inquiring officials. The great statue of Liberty, on Bedloe's Island, upheld its torch to light the new-comers' path. Sru!—there he is, dear old Sru!—God bless him! despite his close-cropped hair and his shaven ear-locks. Ah! Heaven be praised! Don't you see him waving? Ah, but we, too, must be content with waving. For here only the *tchinovniks* of the gilded saloon may land. The "freight" must be discharged on Ellis Island, a little beyond Bedloe's.

VI.

And at Ellis Island a terrible thing happened, unforeseen—a shipwreck in the very harbour.

As the "freight" filed slowly along the corridor-cages in the great bare hall, like cattle inspected at ports by the veterinary surgeon, it came into the doctor's head that Leah's eye-trouble was infectious. "Granular lids—contagious," he diagnosed it on paper. And this diagnosis was a flaming sword that turned every way, guarding against Leah the Land of Promise.

"But it is not infectious," she protested in her best German. "It is only in the family."

"So I perceive," dryly replied America's Guardian Angel, who was now examining the obvious sister clinging to Leah's skirts. And in Biela, heavy-eyed with sickness and want of sleep, his suspicious vision easily discovered a reddish rim of eyelid that lent itself to the same fatal diagnosis, and sent her to join Leah in the dock of the rejected. The fresh-faced Tsirréle and the wizened mother of Sru! passed unscathed, and even the dread clerk at the desk who asked questions was content with their oath that the wealthy Sru! would support them. Sru! was, indeed, sent for at once, as Tsirréle was too

pretty to be let out under the mere protection of a Polish croon.

When the full truth that neither she nor Biela was to set foot in New York burst through the daze in Leah's brain, her protest grew frantic.

"But my sister has nothing the matter with her—nothing. O *gnädiger Herr*, have pity. The Königsberg doctor—the great doctor—told me I had no disease, no disease at all. And even if I have, my sister's eyes are pure as the sunshine. Look, *mein Herr*, look again. See," and she held up Biela's eyelids and passionately kissed the wet bewildered eyes. "She is to be married, my lamb—her bridegroom awaits her on the wharf. Send me back, *gnädiger Herr*; I ought not to have come. But for God's sake, don't keep Biela out, don't." She wrung her hands. But the marriage-card had been played too often in that hall of despairing dodges. "Oh, *Herr Doktor*," and she kissed the coat-tail of the ship's doctor, "plead for us; speak a word for her."

The ship's doctor spoke a word on his own behalf. It was he who had endorsed the two girls' health-certificates at Hamburg, and he would be blamed by the Steam Company, which would have to ship the sisters back free, and even defray their expenses while in quarantine at the dépôt. He ridiculed the idea that the girls were suffering from anything contagious. But the native doctor frowned, immovable.

Leah grew hysteric. It was the first time in her life she had lost her sane standpoint. "Your own eye is affected," she shrieked, her dark pock-marked face almost black with desperate anger. "If you cannot see that it is only because my sister has been weeping, because she is ill from the voyage. But she desires no interference—she is healthy again now, and her eye is the eye of her sight!" She was reduced to be silent, but she shrieked again. The German doctors know, but the Americans have no *Bildung*."

"Oh, don't, Leah," moaned Biela, throwing her arms round the panting breast. "What's the use?" But the irrefragable Leah got an S.I. ticket of Special Inquiry, forced a hearing in the Commissioners' Court.

"Let her in, kind gentlemen, and send back the other one. Tsirréle will go back with me. It does not matter about the little one."

The kind gentlemen on the bench were really kind, but America must be protected.

"You can take the young one and the old one both back with you," the interpreter told her. "But they are the only ones we can let in."

Leah and Biela were driven back among the damned. The favoured twain stood helplessly in their happier compartment. Even Tsirréle, the squirrel, was dazed. Presently the spruce Srul arrived—to find the expected

raptures replaced by funeral misery. He wormed his way dizzily into the cage of the rejected. It was not the etiquette of the Pale to kiss one's betrothed bride, but Srul stared dully at Biela without even touching her hand, as if the Atlantic already rolled again between them. Here was a pretty climax to the dreams of years!

"My poor Srul, we must go back to Hamburg to be married," faltered Biela.

"And give up my store?" Srul wailed. "Here the dollar spins round. We have now what one names a boom. There is no land on earth like ours."

The forlornness of the others stung Leah to her senses.

Srul acquiesced eagerly. No one remembered for the moment that Leah would be left alone in the Old World. The problem of effecting the bride's entry blocked all the horizon.

"Yes, yes," said Srul. "The mother will look after Tsirréle, and in less than three weeks Biela will slip in."

"No, three weeks is too soon," said Leah. "We must wait a little longer till the doctor forgets."

"Oh, but I have already waited so long!" whimpered Srul.

Leah's eyes filled with sympathetic tears. "I ought not to have made so much fuss. Now she will stick in the doctor's mind. Forgive me, dear Srul, I will do my best and try to make amends."

Leah and Biela were taken away to the hospital, where they remained isolated from the world till the steamer sailed back to Hamburg. Here, generously lodged, they had ample leisure to review the situation. Biela discovered that the new plan would leave Leah deserted. Leah remembered that she would be deserting little Tsirréle. Both were agreed that Tsirréle must go back with them, till they be thought themselves that her passage would have to be paid for, as she was not refused. And every kopeck was precious now. "Let the child stay till I get back," said Biela. "Then I will send her to you."

"Yes, it is best to let her stay awhile. I myself may be able to join you after all. I will go back to Königsberg, and the great doctor shall write me out a certificate that my affliction is not contagious."

At the very worst—if even Biela could not get in—Srul should sell his store and come back to the Old World. It would put off the marriage scene. But they had waited so long—so let us throw up after all, and thank the Lord for His goodness. We might all have been drowned on the voyage."

Thus the obstinate pious conclusion.

But though Srul and his mother and Tsirréle got on

board to see them off, and Tsirréle gave graphic accounts of the wonders of the store and the rooms prepared for the bride, to say nothing of the great city itself, and Srul brought Biela and Leah splendid specimens of his stock for their adornment, yet it was a horrible thing for them to go back again without having once trodden the pavements of the Land of Promise. And when the others were tolled off, as by a funeral bell, and became specks in a swaying crowd: when the dock receded and the cheers and good-byes faded, and the waving handkerchiefs became a blur, and the statue of Liberty dwindled, and the lone waste of waters faced them once more, Leah's optimism gave way, a chill sinister shadow fell across her new plan, some ominous intuition traversed her like a shudder, and she turned away lest Biela should see her tears.



The lone waste of waters faced them once more.

"THE LAND OF PROMISE."

"Listen, Srul," she said hurriedly. "It is all my fault, because I wanted to share in the happiness. I ought not to have come. If we had not been together they never would have suspected Biela's eyes—who would notice the little touch of inflammation which is the most she has ever suffered from? She shall come again in another ship, all alone—for she knows now how to travel. Is it not so, Biela, my lamb? I will see you on board, and Srul will meet you here, although not till you have passed the doctor, so that no one shall have a chance of remembering you. It will cost a heap, alas! but I can get some work in Hamburg, and the Jews there have hearts of gold. Eh, Biela, my poor lamb?"

"Yes, yes, Leah, you can always give yourself a counsel," and Biela put her wet face to her sister's, and kissed the pock-marked cheek.

VII.

This despair did not last long. It was not in Leah's nature to despair. But her wildest hopes were exceeded when she set foot again in Hamburg and explained her hard case to the good committee, and a member gave her an informal hint which was like a flash of light from Heaven—its answer to her ceaseless prayer. Ellis Island was not the only way of approaching the Land of Promise. You could go round about through Canada, where they were not so particular, and you could slip in by rail from Montreal without attracting much attention. True, there was the extra expense.

Expense! Leah would have gladly parted with her last rouble to unite Biela with her bridegroom. There must be no delay. A steamer for Canada was waiting to sail. What a fool she had been not to think that out for herself! Yes, but there was Biela's timidity again to consider. Travel by herself through this unknown Canada! And then, if they were not so particular, why could not Leah slip through likewise?

"Yes, but my eyes are more noticeable. I might again do you an injury."

"We will separate at the landing-stage and the frontier. We will pretend to be strangers." Biela's wits were sharpened by the crisis.

"Well, I can only lose the passage-money," said Leah, and resolved to take the risk. She wrote a letter to Sru! explaining the daring invasion of New York overland which they were to attempt, and was about to post it, when Biela said

"Poor Sru! And if I shall not get in after all!" Leah's face fell.

"True," she pondered. "He will have a more heart-breaking disappointment than before."

"Let us not kindle their hopes. After all, if we get in, we shall only be a few days later than our letter. And then think of the joy of the surprise."

"You are right, Biela," and Leah's face glowed again with the anticipated joy of the surprise.

The journey to Canada was longer than to the States, and the "freight" was less companionable. There were fewer Jews and women, more stalwart shepherds, miners, and dock-labourers. When after eleven days, land came, it was not touched at, but only remained cheerily on the horizon for the rest of the voyage. At last the sisters found themselves unmolested on one of the many wharves of Montreal. But they would not linger a day in this unhomely city. The next morning saw them, dazed and worn out but happy-hearted, dodging the monstrous catapaults of the New York motor-cars, while a Polish porter helped them with their bundles and conveyed them towards Sru!'s store. Ah, what ecstasy to be unregarded units of this free chaotic crowd. Outside the store—what a wonderful store it was, larger than the largest in the weavers' colony!—the sisters paused a moment to roll the coming bliss under their tongues. They peeped in. Ah, there is Sru! behind the counter, waiting for customers. Ah, ah, he little knows what customers are waiting for him! They turned and kissed each other for mere joy.

"Draw your shawl over your face," whispered Leah merrily. "Go in and ask him if he has a wedding-veil." Biela slipped in, brimming over with mischief and tears.

"Yes, Miss?" said Sru!, with his smartest store manner.

"I want a wedding-veil of white lace," she said in Yiddish. At her voice Sru! started. Biela could keep up the joke no longer. "Sru!, my darling Sru!" she cried hysterically, her arms yearning to reach him across the counter.

He drew back, pale, gasping for breath.

"Ah, my dear ones!" blubbered Leah, rushing in. "God has been good to you, after all."

"But—but—how did you get in?" he cried, staring.

"Never mind now how we got in," said Leah, every pockmark glistening with smiles and tears. "And where is Tsirrélé—my dear little Tsirrélé?"

rest, Biela: you will find a sofa in the parlour. Leah, I want—I want to talk to you."

Leah flashed a swift glance at him as Biela, vaguely chilled, moved through the back door into the revivifying splendours of the parlour.

"Something is wrong, Sru!," Leah said hoarsely. "Tsirrélé is not here. You feared to tell us."

He hung his head. "I did my best."

"She is ill—dead, perhaps! My beautiful angel!"

He opened his eyes. "Dead? No. Married!"

"What! To whom?"

He turned a sickly white. "To me."

In all that long quest of the canopy, Leah had never come so near fainting as now. The horror of Ellis Island was nothing to this. That scene resurged, and Tsirrélé's fresh beauty, unflecked by the voyage, came up luridly before her; the "baby," whom the unnoted years had made a young woman of fifteen, while they had been aging and staling Biela.

"But—but this will break Biela's heart," she whispered, heart-broken.

"How was I to know Biela would ever get in?" he said, trying to be angry. "Was I to remain a bachelor all my life, breaking the Almighty's ordinance? Did I not wait and wait faithfully for Biela all those years?"

"You could have migrated elsewhere," she said faintly.

"And ruin my connection—and starve?" His anger was real by now.

"Besides, I have married into the family—it is almost the same thing. And the old mother is just as pleased."

"Oh, she!" and all the endured bitterness of the long years was in the exclamation. "All she wants is grandchildren."

"No, it isn't," he retorted. "Grandchildren with good eyes."

"God forgive you," was all the lump in Leah's throat allowed her to reply. She steadied herself with a hand on the counter, striving to repossess her soul for Biela's sake.

A customer came in, and the tragic universe dwindled to a prosaic place in which ribbons existed in unsatisfactory shades.

"Of course we must go this minute," Leah said, as Sru! clanked the coins into the till. "Biela cannot ever live here with you now."

"Yes, it is better so," he assented sulkily. "Besides, you may as well know at once. I keep open on the Sabbath, and that would not have pleased Biela. That is another reason why it was best not to marry Biela. Tsirrélé doesn't seem to mind."

The very ruins of her world seemed topping now.

But this new revelation of Tsirrélé's and his own wickedness seemed only of a piece with the first—indeed, went far to account for it.

"You break the Sabbath, after all!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "We are not in Poland any longer. No dead flies here. Everybody does it. Shut the store two days a week! I should get left."

"And you bring your mother's grey hairs down with sorrow to the grave."

"My mother's grey hairs are no longer hidden by a stupid black *Shaitel*. That is all. I have explained to her that America is the land of enlightenment and freedom. Her eyes are opened."

"I trust to God your father's—peace be upon him!—are still shut!" said Leah as she walked with slow, steady steps into the parlour, to bear off her wounded lamb.

THE END.



"I want a wedding-veil of white lace," she said.

"THE LAND OF PROMISE."

"She—she is out marketing, with the mother."

"And the mother?"

"She is well and happy."

"Thank God!" said Leah fervently, and beckoned the porter with the bundles.

"But—but I let the room," he said, flushing. "I did not know that—I could not afford—"

"Never mind, we will find a room. The day is yet high." She settled with the porter.

Meantime Sru! had begun playing nervously with a pair of scissors. He snipped a gorgeous piece of stuff to fragments.

"What are you doing?" said Biela at last.

"Oh—I—" he burst into a nervous laugh. "And so you ran the blockade after all. But—but I expect customers every minute—we can't talk now. Go inside and

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The movement begun some years ago for the purpose of raising a memorial to the forty-one Kentish martyrs who perished in the reign of Queen Mary, has now been brought to a successful issue, and a cross of Cornish granite, erected at Canterbury, was unveiled on June 10 by Lord George Hamilton in the presence of the Dean of Canterbury, Lord Northbourne, Mr. Henniker Heaton, and the Mayor and Corporation of Canterbury. An inaugural sermon was preached by Canon Mason, and Lord George Hamilton delivered an appropriate address. The round form of the cross was taken from a cross of bronze gilt which was discovered some thirty years ago in one of the main thoroughfares of Canterbury. Dean Farrar, in the course of his remarks, said he thought they ought to be proud of the county of Kent and the city of Canterbury, which had contributed more martyrs to the cause of the Reformation than any other county in England or any city except London.

The "Holy Carpet," or Kiswa, which has been stolen by Bedouin Arabs en route for Mecca, consists of a series of oblong strips of black brocade richly embroidered in gold and silver with Arabic inscriptions from the Koran. It serves the purpose of beautifying the exterior of the Ka'aba, the sacred shrine within the precincts of the Mosque at Mecca. It is renewed and sent every year at the expense of the Sultan from Constantinople via Cairo, where, with its escort of Bashi Bazouks, it forms part of the great Egyptian caravan, the most important of the many which annually converge towards Mecca. Having done duty for a year, it is cut up and the pieces sold as relics to wealthy pilgrims. The illustrations represent a portion of the carpet being carried on men's shoulders through the streets of Cairo, during the festival preceding its departure, with two symbolical trophies that each year accompany the pilgrimage



LORD GEORGE HAMILTON UNVEILING THE KENT MARTYRS' MEMORIAL AT CANTERBURY.

work, but some delay is caused by the necessity of getting special instructions from Berlin for the delegates of the German Empire. A splendid fête in honour of the foreign delegates was given by the Dutch Government on Saturday evening.

Treaties between Great Britain and the United States for commercial reciprocity with the West Indies in the American trade are quietly but actively proceeding at Washington. That which concerns Barbadoes was signed on June 16; an agreement relating to British Guiana has also been made and sent to England for ratification; and colonial commissioners from Jamaica have arrived to negotiate with the American Government.

The proceedings of the Venezuela frontier arbitration tribunal held at the Foreign Office in Paris commenced on June 15, with the eminent Russian jurist, Professor Martens, presiding, the English Lord Chief Justice Russell and Lord Justice Collins, and the two American lawyers appointed by Venezuela—namely, Chief Justice Fuller and Judge Brewer—constituting the Court. The case of British Guiana, or, rather, of the British Imperial dominion, was opened by Sir Richard Webster, Attorney-General, whose speech was likely to occupy several days, involving a great array of minute historical and topographical details.

American military operations in the Philippines, where the army of General Otis is being augmented to a total of 33,000 men, have been conducted briskly during the past week or two. On June 12



PROCESSION ACCOMPANYING THE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA.

from Egypt. These are the Mahmal, a kind of canopy, and a pyramidal construction containing a copy of the Koran. Both are exquisitely embroidered in gold upon green cloth, and are held in superstitious reverence by the multitude. The intrinsic value of the Holy Carpet is some £5000, and its capture by a tribe of marauding Bedouins, between Medina and Mecca, is a matter to arouse the pious indignation of the whole Moslem world.

The International Peace Conference at the Hague, on June 16, received the Report of the Naval Section of its Committee on the Regulation of Armaments in favour, by a majority, of the prohibition of submarine torpedo-boats, of the ram affixed to battle-ships, and of explosives to discharge stifling deadly gases. It is, however, considered doubtful whether this report will be adopted by the whole Committee on Armaments and by the full Conference of the Powers. The Committee on applying the Red Cross military hospital rules of the Geneva Conference to the protection of the sick and wounded in naval warfare, has agreed on its report. The Committee appointed to draft a scheme for the establishment of a standing tribunal or court of reference to arbitration has begun its



CARRYING THE HOLY CARPET THROUGH THE STREETS OF CAIRO.

Photographs by Henry W. Short, London.

the river Zapote was crossed by General Lawton in face of the enemy, strongly entrenched, and Iloilo was occupied two days later, securing clear communications through the Cavite province southward of Manila. It is rumoured that the Filipino General Luna has been assassinated in Aginaldo's camp.

A wide region of the States of Minnesota and Wisconsin, east of the Upper Mississippi, was afflicted by a tremendous hurricane on June 12. In the town of New Richmond, thirty or forty miles from St. Paul, great damage was done, many houses overthrown, and nearly two hundred people killed.

A colliery explosion at the Caledonia Mine, Cape Breton, in the Dominion of Canada, has destroyed eleven lives of the colliers, and caused great loss of property; the mine is still burning.

The beauty of Wimbledon and Putney, brilliant in light summer frocks, gathered in great force at the King's College School sports on the large playing-field of the school on Wimbledon Common last Saturday afternoon; and the "garden of girls" was regaled with a remarkably well-contested series of races, which clearly evidenced that the Rev. C. W. Bourne, M.A., includes physical as well as mental education in his curriculum at King's College School, which boasts the healthiest site in the suburbs. A brighter and happier set of lads could not be produced by any other public school. The Duke of Cambridge is shortly to honour King's College School with a visit to open the new hall, which looks on the playing-field.

The Art for Schools Association, which has now reached its fifteenth year of existence, has taken an important step in the interests of both art and schools. Last year the representatives of the London School Board hinted that as a rule the ordinary pictures issued by the Association seemed on too small a scale when placed upon the walls of the larger school-rooms.



PROCESSION OF THE MAHMAL.

This year the Association has met this objection by issuing a wood-engraving by Mr. William Strang, measuring 6 ft. by 5 ft., and is therefore, with perhaps two exceptions, the largest wood-cut (exclusive of bill-posters) in existence. The subject is "Ploughing," and it is treated by Mr. Strang with his accustomed force and energy. Its value as a work of art will be readily appreciated by all who see it, and the Association is to be congratulated upon having obtained the co-operation of so gifted a draughtsman. At the same time no little credit is due to the Association for having given such encouragement to the art of wood-engraving, which in these days of "processes" is in danger of being altogether neglected.

A monument erected at Paardekraal, near Krugersdorp, in the Transvaal, the scene of Dr. Jameson's defeat and surrender to the Boers three years and a half ago, was publicly uncovered last Sunday. General Joubert, Vice-President, and Mr. Woolman, a member of the Executive Government, were the leading speakers. The place was already notable in that people's history for an important meeting held there in 1880, when they revolted against British dominion.



CYLLENE, WINNER OF THE GOLD CUP.

Our pictures of Ascot winners include Mr. D. J. Jardine's brown colt Refractor, which was announced last week, carried off the Royal Hunt Cup; Lord Rosebery's Tom Cringle, which won the Ascot Stakes; Mr. C. D. Rose's Cyllene, winner of the Forty-fifth Triennial Stakes and the Gold Cup; and Mr. S. Darling's Killocock, which won the Queen's Stand Plate.

A small English sailing-vessel, the yacht *Firefly*, from Dartmouth, the ownership of which is not yet publicly known, has been detained at Arcachon, on the western coast of France, at the request of the Spanish Consul, being found to have on board some thousands of rifles. These are suspected to have been sent from England for the use of the Carlist faction in Spain, recently threatening another insurrection.

A sad disaster has taken place by the collision of two steam-boats on the river Oder, near Stettin, one of the chief North German seaport towns on the Baltic coast. This happened on Friday, June 16. More than fifty people, mostly women and children, were drowned.

On Tuesday a festival was held at the Hotel Cecil in aid of the funds of the Alexandra Hospital for Consumptive Crippled Children. The Duke

TOM CRINGLE, WINNER OF THE ASCOT STAKES.

of Cambridge presided, and laid the objects of the institution before the company. The institution, the only one of its kind in Great Britain, provides for seventy consumptive crippled children who, on account of the great length of time which their ailments would require for successful treatment, are ineligible for reception into the ordinary hospitals. Patients are received from all parts of London and the country, and the

hospital has the very hearty support of many of the leading members of the medical profession. The new hospital is now almost completed, and it is hoped that it will be possible to open it free of debt. Subscriptions may be intimated to the secretary, Alexandra Hospital, Queen Square, Bloomsbury.

The yacht race between Dover and Heligoland for the Gold Cup offered by the German Emperor in commemoration of her Majesty's eightieth year was started from Dover Pier at two o'clock on Monday. There were twenty entries, but the *Bawl* and *Satanita* withdrew. The handicapping and sailing was after the manner of the Queen's Cup race at the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta at Cowes. The handicap, being a sealed one, was not opened until the vessels were opposite the Haaks light-ship *Terrel*. We give illustrations of the Emperor's Cup, one side of which bears a portrait of the Queen.

The German Emperor has been at the Hamburg and other regattas and yacht-races on the Elbe with his own yacht the *Meteor*, of which he personally took command in a race last Saturday, but had the mishap to run her aground upon a mud-bank near the Osteriff Lighthouse, and so lost the race. His Majesty has a second racing yacht, the *Iduna*, which gained him one of the prizes. He invited all the competing yacht-owners to dine with him on board the war-ship *Fürst Bismarck*, at Brunsbüttel, at the entrance to the North Sea and Baltic Ship Canal.

An offer has been made by the Trustees of the British Museum to present to the National Library in Paris a large stock of duplicate copies of

documents or publications, to the number of 30,000 copies, which are of historical interest concerning the French Revolution.

Mr. Passmore Edwards has extended his munificence to Clacton-on-Sea, where a Home for Children, bearing the name of the giver, has just been opened. The institution is intended to provide a sea-side holiday for the children of our great cities who have no chance of obtaining such a relief from the wilderness of bricks and mortar among which their lives are spent. It will accommodate over one hundred guests at a time. It had been intended that the Earl of Aberdeen should open the home, but in his unavoidable absence Mr. Passmore Edwards declared it open himself, and announced another subscription on his part of £1000. A lunch in the Town Hall followed, and was attended by a representative party.

A new work, entitled "Light from the East; or, The Witness of the Monuments," by the Rev. C. J. Ball, M.A., has just been issued by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. This is an effort to gather, from the monuments that have now been found in Babylonia, Egypt, Assyria, Palestine, and other localities, whatever bears upon, or illustrates, in any way the Biblical records. Explanatory notes are given to the inscriptions, and the Scriptural passages are referred to upon which each of them may throw light, thus rendering the volume a useful one to consult. Its usefulness is at the same time considerably increased by the numerous illustrations it contains.

The author, although still a young man, has already earned for himself a European reputation as a cuneiform scholar. This implies not only a knowledge of Hebrew and Chaldean, but also of the older Turanian language of Mesopotamia known as Sumerian, or Akkadian. The knowledge of these old languages enables him to give the latest and most accurate translations that have yet appeared of the celebrated Creation and Deluge tablets for comparison with the Mosaic accounts, in relation to which they have a most important bearing. Professor Sayce has spoken of "the wrecks of a vast literature which extended over the ancient Oriental world from a remote epoch," and the great importance of collecting and studying this literature in order to form a correct knowledge of the times to which it belonged. As the present volume contains a goodly quantity of material from these "wrecks," it might be classed as an effort in the direction indicated by the learned Professor. Mr. Ball is, of course, at home when dealing with the inscriptions from Babylonia and Assyria, from which he gives the records of Tiglath Pileser, Nebuchadnezzar, and other kings. The cuneiform tablets found at Tell-el-Amarna, in Egypt, and which date from about B.C. 1500 to 1450, supply a large amount of historical information on the period to which they belong. These tablets were letters or official documents, and some of them were dated from Jerusalem; and are, Mr. Ball says, a century older than the time of the Exodus. The Moabite Stone, the Siloam Inscription, the celebrated Rosetta Stone, the Marseilles Tablet of Offerings, and others, with photographic reproductions of them, all appear here as the flotsam and jetsam of the past, which modern exploration has collected, and which is now becoming such valuable "Light from the East."



REFRACTOR, WINNER OF THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.



KILCOCK, WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S STAND PLATE.



CUP GIVEN BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR FOR THE DOVER TO HELIGOLAND YACHT-RACE.



THE HELIGOLAND CUP: REVERSE.



SHRIMPING: AMATEURS VERSUS PROFESSIONALS.

THE TROUBLE IN SOUTH AFRICA.



1. The Natal Railway: Champagne Castle, Drakensberg.
 2. The Natal Railway: Cutting at Botha's Hill.
 3. The Natal Railway: Bridge across the Umgeni River.
 4. General Joubert.

5. President Kruger's House at Pretoria.
 6. President Kruger.
 7. The Natal Railway: Majuba and Laing's Nek in the Distance.
 8. Prison Gates, Pretoria.

9. Prison Yard, Pretoria.
 10. President Kruger and the Lions Presented to him by the late Mr. B. J. Barnato.
 11. The Natal Railway Festivities: President Kruger in Durban.

DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MELTON PRIOR.

From Photographs kindly lent by the Proprietor of "South Africa."

THE TROUBLE IN SOUTH AFRICA.



THE BURGHERS' PARK, PRETORIA.



THE RAADZAAL, PRETORIA.

Photographs by A. McNeill.

The proposals of President Kruger for the extension of the franchise, after five years prospectively, to the Uitlanders who shall have registered themselves as naturalised citizens, which requires two years' previous residence, is considered inadequate to satisfy their political demands. It has been laid before the First and Second Volksraads at Pretoria, which have adjourned till July 3 for its consideration. Despatches interchanged between Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Chamberlain to May last before the Conference with President Kruger at Bloemfontein were published on June 15. The Colonial Office gave the High Commissioner no formal instructions, but pointed out certain broad questions of South African policy, raised anew by the recent petition from 21,684 British subjects at Johannesburg, and supported by Sir A. Milner's opinion that a very large and increasing proportion of these are people who contemplate a long residence in the Transvaal, who would make it their permanent home. They would be excellent citizens of the Republic, and they actually bear the chief burden of its taxation in the revenue from

Customs, prospecting or mining licenses, and railway traffic; they demand political enfranchisement for the sake of reforms in an incompetent and unsympathetic Government, feeling constant grievances in their business and daily life. By the existing laws they are debarred, each for many years, from voting in the election of a President, or of the First Volksraad, the supreme Legislature which controls the Executive Government; while the city of Johannesburg, with the gold-mining district, is not allowed an effective municipal or local self-government, with control of its police, which might be asked as a reasonable alternative. The British Government "cannot permanently ignore the exceptional and arbitrary treatment to which its subjects and others residing in a foreign country are exposed." General Joubert, addressing a great assembly of 4000 burghers held at Paardekraal, the scene of the declaration of independence of 1880, said they were willing to shed their blood for their country, but were met not to declare war but to approve the President's action at Bloemfontein. Other speakers followed, and a resolution

was passed approving the President's proposals, and on the motion of Mr. Piet Kruger words were added to the effect that this meeting cannot concede anything further. Our illustrations show the Raadzaal at Pretoria, where the deliberations of the First and Second Raad are held, the public park, and the President's house, with Mr. Kruger in his familiar seat on the stoep or verandah. One picture shows the President and the sculptured lions presented to him by the late Mr. Barnato. Other views depict interesting points on the Natal Railway, notably Majuba Hill and Laing's Nek of fateful memory. Champagne Castle, or Cathkin Peak, is one of the highest mountains of sub-tropical Africa, rising to a height of 10,360 ft. The triumphal arch is a reminiscence of President Kruger's visit to Durban in connection with the Natal Railway Opening Festivities. The views of Pretoria Jail recall the detention of the raiders, especially the long duration of Messrs. Sampson and Davies. The shed to the left of the prison yard formed their quarters. On the right of the exterior view of the jail is the building in which Dr. Jameson was confined.



PRESIDENT KRUGER'S MOST RECENT VISIT TO JOHANNESBURG.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. REES, JOHANNESBURG.

A month or two ago President Kruger visited Johannesburg and was very cordially received. He addressed a meeting of several thousand people, the majority of them law-abiding Uitlanders.



S. BEGG.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S UP-RIVER TRIP: THE PRINCE AND PARTY LEAVING BOULTER'S LOCK.



1. Entrance to the Pavilion. 2. Judging Alderneys. 3. At the Band-Stand. 4. The Royal Pavilion. 5. A Kerry Bull. 6. The Earl of Coventry, President of the Society.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT MAIDSTONE.

M R. H A L H U R S T ' S E X H I B I T I O N .

Now Open at the Modern Gallery, Bond Street.



THE BASHFUL COUPLE.



IN THE GARDENS AT WHITEHALL.



DECORATIVE PANEL.



THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

ART NOTES.

M. Bing, of Paris, a well-known authority on Japanese art, has arranged at the Grafton Galleries an exhibition of *L'Art Nouveau*. Whether this collection is to be taken as the first-fruits of the Peace Congress, we are not told; but here at least the arts of East and West are to be found, if not in harmony, at least side by side. Mr. Louis Tiffany, of New York, leads off with a display of "Pavilion Glass"—a term apparently covering two totally distinct products. In so far as Mr. Tiffany applies his method to the reproduction of stained-glass windows, he commands our warmest admiration. Briefly, he applies layer upon layer of one coloured glass until the requisite depth and richness of colour is obtained. The contrast between this method and painting on single pieces of glass is very much to the advantage of the former, and probably the original method. The other form of Tiffany glass is a semi-opaque, highly

work, instead of being graceful and flowing, are jerky and cramped.

On the other hand, the pictures which should find a place on the walls of a house furnished after the requirements of the new art are certainly attractive as well as representative. It is to France alone that, according to M. Bing, we must look for decorative work, although he allows Mr. Conder to hang the lady's boudoir with silk hangings delicately painted. The pictures are chiefly by Besnard, Carrière, Thaulow, Pissaro, and the like, and a specimen of both Manet and Monet being thrown in to suggest the origin of the modern movement. M. Bing himself contributes a number of Japanese prints by the older masters, some of them being strangely attractive from their naïveté of expression and true appreciation of nature. Here, however, as in the collection of Indo-Persian miniatures—more quaint than beautiful—which the owner attributes to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, we are conscious that M. Bing has offered to the British public a very inadequate sample of the works of ancient art of which he is the fortunate

by means of threescore and ten water-colour drawings can revive the pleasant memories of the former and satisfy the curiosity of the latter. He has a facile brush, and by means thereof makes bright one of the rooms of the Fine Art Society, without wearying the eye of the visitor. He has caught very faithfully the *couleur locale* in the sky, the scenery, and the most typical human products of the azure shore. One is glad to find that in the smart throngs which monopolise the terraces which fringe the seaboard from Fréjus to Vintimiglia there are still peasant women—some spinning, others washing; some tending the sheep and others minding the shop. But, after all, these are only accidents, as it were, for as one well knows, life on the Riviera is to be found chiefly at the smart hotels or in the streets, when fêtes and flower-battles are in full swing. Mr. Bunting has noted these and many other things, and transferred them to canvas with a due appreciation of their paintable qualities.

Those who travel as far east as Bethnal Green will find at the Museum, over which the Science and Art Department



"THE LILAC SUN-BONNET,"—BY THOMAS COWPER.

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iridescent substance adaptable to various sorts of ornamental and practical objects, for those who do not consider three or four guineas an excessive price for a wineglass. Some of the colours, obtained presumably by the introduction of various metallic substances into the glass furnace during the process of fusing, are extremely brilliant, and as in each case the actual result is in a great measure fortuitous, the variety is endless, and the production of a uniform set impossible.

From New York we pass to Brussels, from which city M. Constantin Meunier, an accomplished worker in bronze and by no means unskilful as a pastellist, contributes a collection of his studies from life. The coal districts of Belgium furnish him with most of his types, and one cannot but admire his devotion to the cause of labour. He infuses a certain ideal dignity into a class of men who have seldom had their strong personality recognised. Some of the bronzes here exhibited are full of life and energy, and none are wholly wanting in strength of handling.

The artistic jewels of *L'art nouveau* from designs by M. E. Colonna fail to strike us except by their price. There is little beauty, according to our taste, of either form or colour in these arrangements in gold and precious stones. They are heavy without having the glamour of barbaric feeling, and the lines of the gold

possessor. It is more than probable that before the present exhibition closes he will find that in this respect he has made a mistake, for the connoisseurs of such *hibelots* in this country are as educated as in his own, while the mere amateurs will hesitate to make a plunge into the unknown.

But if the *art nouveau*, as heralded by M. Bing, is within the reach of none but millionaires, a true Japanese, Mr. Eida, introduces us to an art which in his country has had a recognised existence of four hundred years, and still gives proof of its vitality by the rival schools which profess it. This art is that of arranging flowers for the table. It is a canon of the Japanese belief that the haphazard collection of flowers and the squeezing them into a pot or vase is "not floral arrangement, but botanical butchery." "One plant, one pot," is the principle upon which the Japanese build their table-decoration; but in so doing each plant or flower is treated in such a way that not only is it as effective as a dozen treated in our way, but its life and freshness are indefinitely prolonged. How this is done, and what results can be obtained, may be learned by a visit to Mr. Eida's Gallery, 5, Conduit Street, where a competent and courteous cicerone will explain the different methods of the rival schools of flower arrangement.

Society is now fairly divided between those who go to the Riviera and those who do not. Mr. Arthur Bunting,

at present exercises control, a curious collection of pottery and porcelain, lent by Mr. H. Willett, of Brighton. It is intended apparently to give the East-Enders a snappy acquaintance with historical or quasi-historical personages. Royalties from the times of the Tudors, military heroes from the days of Marlborough, naval heroes from Admiral Vernon (a Staffordshire man), the wars of Great Britain with America and France, criminals, Biblical personages, sportsmen, actors, and many others have furnished their quota to the collection of household gods, which Staffordshire and Worcestershire, Fulham and Lambeth, Chelsea and Bow, supplied in various forms, some very rude and others very elaborate. The majority of the specimens are in some kind of earthenware, of which the history, if it could be written, would be interesting. A Chinese plate, with a portrait of Martin Luther surrounded by medallions of the Twelve Apostles, dating from 1730; a punchbowl, also Chinese, on which is painted a bust of John Wilkes, supported by Sergeant Glyn and Lord Temple, facing a bust of Lord Mansfield supported by Lord Bute and the Devil, are conspicuous; but, strange to say, of the Jacobite and Hanoverian quarrels, which were so frequently treated in pottery and porcelain, there is no trace.



THE RETURN OF DREYFUS: SCENES AT RENNES, WHERE HE WILL BE RETRIED.



ENTRANCE TO THE MILITARY PRISON.



ENTRANCE TO THE MILITARY COURT.



THE MILITARY PRISON FROM THE GARDEN.



THE MILITARY COURT.



DIVIDES LABOUR BY HALF.

Goes a long way, needs no rubbing, makes lather quickly. Saves boiling the clothes, does not injure the skin. Saves labour, saves wear and tear in linen.

Sunlight Soap

Used in the **SUNLIGHT** way means ease and comfort in the wash and snow-white purity in the linen.

MULTIPLIES PLEASURE BY TWO.

Saves the housewife's health and—her temper.

The **BEST** of all soaps for the laundry. Used everywhere in palace and in cot.

DOUBLE THE SALE OF ANY OTHER SOAP IN THE WORLD.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Evangelicals are highly satisfied with the appointment of the Rev. T. W. Drury, M.A., Principal of the C.M.S. College, Islington, to succeed Dr. Moule as Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge. Mr. Drury had a distinguished University career, is a convinced Evangelical, and, above all, has been peculiarly successful in the training of men.

The Bishop of Chichester has been ridiculing the idea that there is a crisis in the Church. "He had made inquiries, and asked, 'Have you a crisis?' But no one knew anything about it. There was a great deal of nonsense written on this subject in the newspapers, but in spite of all this, the work of the Church was going quietly on."

The Rev. Thomas Aston-Binns has died suddenly at Geneva from an apoplectic seizure. He was originally a Baptist minister, who was ordained in 1882 by Archbishop Tait, and was for ten years the home organising secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, for which he worked zealously and without remuneration.

Hexham Abbey is to be repaired, extended, and refurbished. The total estimated cost is over £90,000. This scheme will increase the accommodation from 600 to 1200, and will obviate the erection of a new church in Hexham.

Mr. Moody has relinquished the idea of coming to England at present. He was expected to take part in a mission at Glasgow, but he finds that his engagements in his own country will not permit him to leave.

Lord Halifax's speech read at the meeting of the English Church Union is said by a sympathetic journal not to mean that the Union is committed to a *non-possimus* attitude. "On the contrary, to those who know how to read between the lines it was clear that the President of the E.C.U. was desirous to do everything possible to avoid a crisis, while quite prepared to defend to the uttermost the principle that all matters of doctrine, discipline, and ceremonial must be determined by the Church herself, and that in declaring her mind she is bound to bear in mind that she is not coextensive with the whole Catholic Church."

Canon Cornish, of Bristol, who is leaving in a few weeks' time for South Africa to take up his new duties as Bishop of Grahamstown, has received various presentations, showing conclusively the esteem in which he is held in his own city. Canon Cornish said that he should always feel that he went forth the citizen of no mean city, a city not merely of churches, but truly Christian in the highest and best sense of the word. There was earnest philanthropic work done in a Christlike spirit, and there were loyal and enthusiastic Christian workers of every denomination who were doing their best for their fellow-men.

The Vicar of Prickwillow has been presented by some person with a set of red silk vestments as a "thank-offering for the awakening of many souls, through the agitation of the manufactured crisis, to a belief in the Catholic faith." The set consists of "chasuble, maniple, stole, five apparels with burse and chalice veil."

Canon Knox Little, who has been in South Africa advocates the desirability of building a great cathedral at Cape Town. He had no hope as regards the meeting between Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger. On that question he held the strongest and most definite views as to the attitude which England ought to adopt. He complained of want of vigorous Church work among our own people in South Africa. More clergy were needed—men of the right sort, and not old women. Bishop Webb said that Canon Knox Little was hardly just in belittling the work of the Church in South Africa or in saying that it had no definite conviction of its own divine mission. If zeal had been shown anywhere and at any time in the Church, had it not been shown, in spite of all weaknesses and shortcomings, in South Africa?

V.



PRESENTATION TO THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

Major-General Sir J. Philips, Colonel W. P. Wright, and Colonel W. Campbell, representing the past and present officers of the Corps of Royal Marines, attended at Clarence House on June 6 to present the Duke, their Honorary Colonel, with a pair of silver statues, as a memento of his silver wedding. The statues, designed and executed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., 112, Regent Street, London, W., show a gunner, Royal Marine Artillery, and a private, Royal Marine Light Infantry, in marching order. Each is mounted on an ebony plinth, bearing a suitable inscription as well as the corps badge and the Coburg and Russian arms. In a few well chosen words Sir J. Philips made the presentation on behalf of the officers of the whole corps, to which his Royal Highness replied expressing his thanks for so handsome a gift, and desiring that the chairman at the annual dinner should communicate the same to the officers. His Royal Highness's message was subsequently conveyed to them in suitable terms at the corps dinner by General G. Mansel, the presiding officer, and received with loud applause.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J T P (Nelson).—The absurd restrictions of the committee prevent us doing as you wish.

J K MAUMERIAN (Repton).—It shall be duly considered.

W H GUNDA (Exeter).—In your three-move problem, if Black play 1. P to K 4th, we see no mate in two more moves.

G J HICKS. The two-move problem, though good in certain points, is too overworked with duals.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2870 received from Upendranath Maithra (Chinnabur): of No. 2871 from S Subramania Iyer (Egmore, Madras) and Upendranath Maithra (Chinnabur); of No. 2872 from S Subramania Iyer (Egmore, Madras) and Ernest D Anderson (Minneapolis); of No. 2873 from Ernest D Anderson (Minneapolis, U.S.A.); of No. 2874 from F J Candy (Norwood) and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2875 from Charles Burnett, T G (Ware), Emile Frau (Lyons), an J Bailey (Newark); of No. 2876 from P B Deeking (Forest Hill, Epsom, Surrey), J Bailey (Newark), Dr. Goldsmith (Jacob Verrall (Redwell), T G (Ware), T Carr (Gottingen), Inspector J T Palmer (Nelson), Edward W Mantle (Linsell), Captain J A Chailley (Great Yarmouth), a d J D Tucker (Ilkley).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2877 received from J F Moon, R Warton (Canterbury), F E Baugh (F C Candy (Norwood), A McLeod (Elgin), C E M. (Glasgow), Alpha, P J S (Hampstead), M A Eyre (Folkestone), H Le Jeune, Edith Corser (Reigate), F Harrison (Liverpool), T C D (Dublin), Charles Burnett, Henry A Donovan (Liswell), F Dalby, W A A Barnard (Uppingham), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Shindforth, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), T Keates (Burslem), T Roberts, Marcella (Cambridge), George Stillington Johnson (Cobham), Reginald Gordon (Kensington), H S Brandreth (Canterbury), Sorrento, W H Polun (Worthing), Miss D Grogan, D D W (Crouch End), Dr F S, Thomas Furnell (Manchester), and Edward M Fyson (Higham).

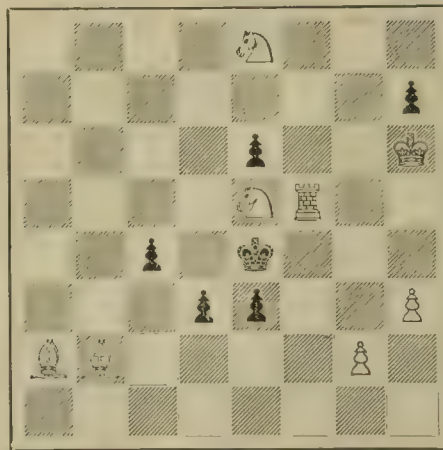
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2876.—By A. W. DANIEL.

WHITE.
1. Kt to K 4th
2. Mates.

BLACK.
Any move

PROBLEM No. 2878.—By H. COURTNEY FOX.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played between Messrs. J. WHITE and J. M. FINLAYSON.

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to E 4th	P to Q 4th	10. K Kt to K 4th	Kt takes Kt
2. P to E 4th	P to Q 4th	11. Kt takes Kt	Kt to K 4th
3. P to Q 4th	Q Kt to B 3rd	12. Q to K 2nd	Kt takes B
4. Kt to Q B 3rd		13. Q R to Q sq	Castles
5. P to Q 3rd	P to K 3rd	14. R takes Kt	Q to K sq
6. Kt to B 3rd	P to K 3rd	15. B takes R P	
7. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	16. Q to R 5th	P takes B
8. Q takes P	Q takes P	17. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
9. Kt to K 4th	P to Q 4th	18. R to K 3rd (ch)	K to B 2nd
		19. R R to Q sq	R to K 4th
		20. R to K 7th (ch)	K to K 3rd
		21. Kt to Kt 5th.	Mate

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played by correspondence between Messrs. A. STOR and A. ZINKL.

(Queen's Pawn Game).

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. Z.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. Z.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	9. P takes P	Q takes P
2. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	10. P to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd
3. P to K 4th	P takes Q P	11. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles
4. Q takes P	P to K 3rd	12. Kt to K 2nd	P to K 4th
5. Q to B 2nd	Kt to K 3rd	13. P takes P	Kt (Q 2) takes P
6. R to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	14. R to B 2nd	Q to K 2nd
7. P to K 5th	K Kt to Q 2nd	15. Q to Kt sq	Kt to Kt 5th
8. R to K 3rd		16. R to Q 4th	B to K 4th
		17. B takes P	R takes B
		18. Kt to K 3rd	R to K 4th
		19. Castles Q R	Q takes Kt
		20. R to K sq	B to B 5th (ch)
			White resigns.

The minor tournament in the London Chess Congress resulted as follows: 1, Marshall (Brooklyn); 2, Marco (Germany) and Physik (London), equal; 3, Jones (London) and Mieses (Germany), equal.

The Princess of Wales has signified her intention of being present at the laying of the foundation-stone of the new buildings of the Royal School of Art Needlework by the Prince of Wales on Friday, June 23.

The Brighton Company are announcing some new tours, for which tickets available for one month are issued to enable the holder to visit the numerous seaside resorts and other places of interest on the south coast from Hastings to the Isle of Wight inclusive. Passengers may commence the journey from London Bridge, Victoria, or Kensington stations to Ryde or Hastings, and proceed thence along the coast from east to west, or vice versa. These tours comprise from two hundred to three hundred miles through some of the most charming scenery of Surrey and Sussex.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In this column I referred lately to the idea that a large number of so-called mysterious incidents in life, supposed to be due to telepathic agencies, or to the influence exerted by one person upon another at a great distance, might be rationally explained on the theory of coincidences. Given a number of such illustrations of alleged telepathic nature, the probabilities of their having occurred as coincidences are less difficult to understand than if we relegated them to the theory of telepathic agencies. If this question be regarded as presenting us with a choice of probabilities between, say, the "brain-waves" of Mr. James Knowles and other supporters of the telepathic side, and the view that amid the millions of concepts that pass through the brains of people day by day there must be some that chance to correspond in point of nature and point of time, I should not hesitate to choose the latter form of explanation. It accords with actual fact, and does not commit us to an utterly unproved and unverified view of brain-emanations, whose very existence has yet to be demonstrated. I need not point out that the assumed analogy between the electrical waves that operate in wireless telegraphy, which can be measured and controlled, and of whose nature we know something, is an entirely false parallel, or, in fact, is no parallel at all. If brain-emanations—themselves, as I have said, purely hypothetical things—were electrical waves, or if the brain could be likened to an electrical apparatus, the parallelism might be just enough. As it is, no man knows how a brain-cell discharges its duties, and in the absence of such knowledge all speculation regarding presumed likenesses betwixt electrical waves and brain-waves partakes of the nature of fatuous supposition.

Coincidences of a very remarkable kind occur in ordinary life, and often pass quite unnoticed, and this, even while they present, in their way, quite as wonderful circumstances as the alleged telepathic experiences. In medical practice, such coincidences, purely chance affairs, of course, are not uncommon. A medical friend, residing at the seaside, tells me of such events, for instance, as those of two sailors tumbling from the masts of two different passing vessels in one day; and for years not even a solitary casualty of this kind may occur. Cases of extremely rare diseases will be presented at hospitals in one and the same day. Lately there was chronicled in one of the medical journals such an incident, which shows undeniably how an extremely unlikely coincidence falls within what I call the easy possibility of occurrence. More recently a medical practitioner has placed his experiences on record, by way of showing that even in private practice, and apart from the greater chances of coincidences occurring in hospital work, there are numerous examples of the unlikely coming true. Two cases of similar injury to the shoulder thus occurred precisely at the same time, the patients being in no way connected with one another. The injury in each case was a dislocation; it affected the same shoulder in each patient, and it presented precisely the same variety of dislocation in the two. Now we do not assume any mystic telepathic connection between cases such as these I have mentioned, and I fail to see why in other instances, involving what are perhaps more esoteric details, the coincidence theory should not equally apply. Is it not, after all, merely the difference between mundane things and things of the mind, that causes us to assume a mystery in the one case and mere coincidence in the other? The difference, after all, is not one of kind, but only one of degree.

It is to be hoped that much practical benefit to the nations will accrue from the full discussion of the tuberculosis topic which was represented at the Berlin Congress. The practical results of such meetings are believed by many persons to end in talk and nothing more. They hold that the scientists who attend congresses do so more with the view of ventilating their own especial "fads" than with that of assisting the solution of scientific problems and difficulties. Of some meetings I doubt not this opinion holds good, but to the Berlin Congress I am certain such criticism does not apply. I have been perusing the reports of the proceedings, and one cannot fail to be impressed with the idea that such international exchange of experiences, all frankly given, on questions of prevention and cure, must aid powerfully the object of the promoters of the Congress—that of diminishing the mortality from this grave but preventable disease. There is another side also to the value of such meetings. They should stimulate the public interest in the aims of the Congress, and accomplish in this way a much-needed phase of popular education. The newspaper reports diffuse knowledge on the subject, and thus act as means of public education. Therefore I say that the late Congress was an admirably conceived movement, and its results are bound to affect the future welfare of the race and its health in no slight or immaterial degree.

The summer weather is upon us (with a vengeance) as I write, and the difficulties of the housewife in the way of keeping her food-supplies pure and wholesome are once more repeating themselves in our seasonal heat-period. There is every need to watch this aspect of the food question very closely, for spoiled food is in itself a fertile source of danger. There is another phase of things worthy our attention at the present time. Food and milk which have been on the verge of spoiling have preservatives added to them by way of keeping them in what is supposed to be an eatable condition. In the case of milk, it is to be feared such "doctored" milk is often added to fresh milk and the mixture sold as the pure article. That no food preservative can be quite harmless is a very generally admitted fact; but, when I read that formalin (much used in museums as a preservative) is actually being employed in restaurants to arrest decomposition in eatables, it is high time a warning should be given that such a practice is a dangerous one. Another caution appropriate for the hot weather is that of warning mothers to see to the purity of the milk on which their infants are fed.

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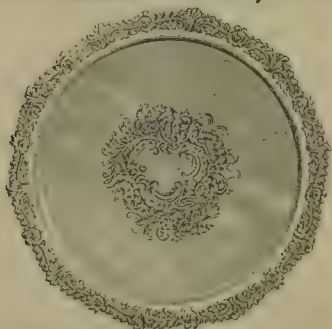
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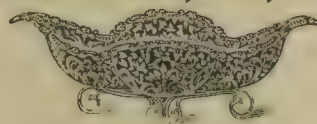


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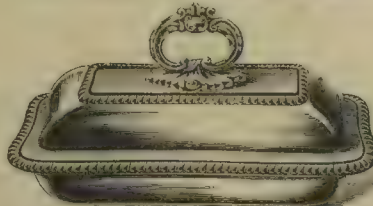
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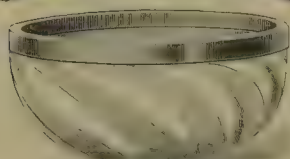
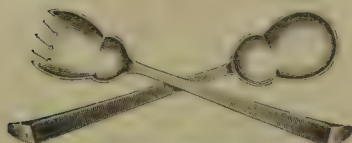
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LADIES' PAGES.

Our treacherous climate has been on its best behaviour for some of the great functions that have been held in the open air, and at its very worst for others. Lady Salisbury's garden-party at Hatfield had a delightful day, the hot sun tempered with cool breezes, and the temporary change from London's close atmosphere was much enjoyed. Lady Salisbury, who has been far from strong for some time, was unable to receive the guests, and her place was taken by her daughter and daughter-in-law. It was a disappointment, too, that on being advised of her hostess's indisposition, the Princess of Wales decided not to go down to Hatfield. The Duchess of York was there, and looked very smart in a dress of biscuit-coloured satin almost covered with *écru* Irish point, which had crescent-shaped pieces of the satin inserted in the pattern; the neckband and belt were of biscuit-coloured *crêpe-de-chine* embroidered with pale pink roses and foliage, and pink roses on gold-embroidered lace wings trimmed a toque of the same lace as the dress. Lady Gwendolen Cecil's dress was in excellent taste for the purpose of receiving; it clashed with nothing else that might have to be near it. The material was treated with a wide ground striped by pink roses on green lines; this was lightened, as I have previously mentioned that many Paris costumes are being made, by a vivid touch of velvet—cherry-coloured velvet neckband and a touch of it in small revers near the shoulders, with roses to match in her black lace hat. The other "lady of the house" for the occasion, Viscountess Cranborne, wore a tondard in the popular black and white; it had a sash with long floating ends of mauve chiffon, and the bodice was turned back with revers of embroidered muslin from a front of muslin. The most lovely dress that I noticed was worn by Madame Albani: alternate insertions of palest green ribbon and exquisitely hand-painted white gauze, made up with a good deal of fine lace. As usual at the Prime Minister's wife's receptions, music, literature, and the drama were as well represented as society.

An immense number of fashionable weddings are announced to take place during the next few weeks; the most interesting, perhaps, is that of the Earl of Shaftesbury with the granddaughter of the Duke of Westminster, Lady Constance Grosvenor, which is fixed for July 15. Lord Shaftesbury is the grandson of "the good Earl" and the great grandson of that interesting "grande dame," Lady Palmers. Lady Constance, who is quite a girl, and has not been seen much in society hitherto, is both the daughter and granddaughter of noted beauties, and is herself very pretty. Her mother, Lady Grosvenor, is now the wife of a popular member of Parliament, Mr. Wyndham, so that the wedding will assemble various sections of society.

Of recent weddings, one of the most interesting was that of a young lady not quite unknown to fame as a



A BOATING GOWN IN WHITE FLANNEL.

beautiful actress, Miss Enid Spencer Bunton, who was married to Mr. Lambert. Her dress was of old lace draped over cloth of silver, with elbow sleeves of lace caught up with bands of silver, and a train of white satin embroidered round the edges with a series of tiny garlands of "lucky" shamrocks. Two tiny pages who carried the train looked sweet in old-fashioned coats, like Georgian driving-coats, down to the knees, built of white face-cloth, with coachman's double capes of pink velvet, and large steel buttons, knee-breeches of white cloth, and lace vests, blouse-shaped. The bridesmaids wore white muslin with pink sashes—altogether an uncommonly pretty wedding.

Can it be true that M. Paderewski is married again at last? His persistent devotion to the memory of the girl bride who died so soon after their marriage, leaving him the legacy of a son afflicted and delicate, was one of his romantic charms to sentimental ladies. It just remains for him to cut his hair short, and only true lovers of music will continue to admire him as much as ever.

Women have not made as much way as composers as they have as executants, but now in some degree a few are coming to the front in the nobler part. Mlle. Chaminade, whose compositions are so much admired by the Queen, gave a recital of her own music the other day, and proved once more that she holds a high position as a composer. The talented musician played several of her own compositions as pianoforte solos, joined with M. Johannes Wolff in five charming violin and piano duets, and conducted the singing of several of her delightful song settings, rendered by M. Plançon and other singers. Mlle. Chaminade is still in her prime, and may yet attack a more elaborate and serious work with as much success as she gains in these lighter efforts. It is time we had a notable woman composer.

Quite a brilliant spectacle is offered in the Park every fine morning at present. The splendid physique of English people, both men and women, strikes one the more after visiting, as I have lately done, the fashionable promenades of other countries—the Pincian Hill at Rome, the *Casine* at Florence, and the Bois de Boulogne. Nowhere are there such numbers of fine, well set-up men, or such an abundant supply of "daughters of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair," as in our own Park, and the dressing is admirable. Such good taste is shown; the morning frocks are simple and yet full of style. Cottons in various glorified forms, jerseys, crepons, cambrics, delaines, and muslins, are usually worn. Elder women wear the ever-useful foulard, and *alpaca*, transparent canvas, barège, and grenadine are allowed to appear; but elegant simplicity is the order of the well dressed.

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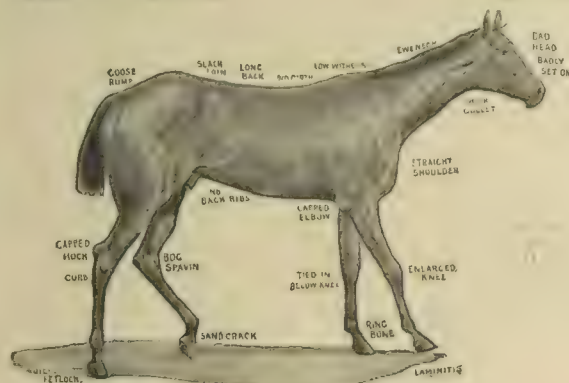
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Look now at our Illustrations specially produced in honour of the forthcoming river festivities. One is a boating-gown in white flannel, with trimmings of striped flannel; the overdress trimmed round with two rows of white braid—exactly the thing for punting or pulling oneself about, or for steering while stronger arms do the work. The other is for the house-boat's elegant seclusion: it is of spotted foulard trimmed with lace and boasting a muslin yoke and underskirt.

Beyond a doubt, the Women's Congress is to be a big success. Two thousand tickets are already sold, and the demand increases daily. This success is in great part due to the ability and devotion of the Countess of Aberdeen, the President. Her tact no less than her zeal has been wonderful. Accustomed, as the wife of the Governor-General of Canada, to deal with many minds and please all susceptibilities, Lady Aberdeen has steered the Congress successfully through many difficulties to its present position of assured success. The exigencies of space cut off the end of one of my paragraphs last week, and prevented my readers comprehending that on Tuesday morning, June 27, there will be five separate and distinct meetings in connection with the Congress. There will be two at Westminster Town Hall, two at St. Martin's Hall, and one at Convocation House, Westminster. At the first place, Lady Aberdeen presides over the Education section, and Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, M.D., over the Professional section. At the second, the Political section discusses Women's Suffrage, and the Legislative section Laws regulating the Labour of Women. At the third place, Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, presides over the Social section, considering the Treatment of Women and Children in Prisons.

This busy morning is only a sample of the rest of the week. The Nursing section, under the able organisation of Mrs. Bedford Powick, a former matron of "Bart's" and founder of the Royal British Nurses' Association, will be specially interesting. So will the section on the Drama as a field for women, at which Mrs. Kendal presides, and Mrs. Treve, Miss Genevieve Ward, and Miss Janet Acland read papers. The Duchess of Sutherland takes the chair at a meeting where women in journalism are talked about, and Lady Battersby presides over a Temperance section at which the Archbishop of Canterbury will be the chief speaker. Lady Bective takes the chair at a section considering Handicrafts, and Lady Castletown



AN ELEGANT DRESS FOR HENLEY.

at one on Horticulture. The full programme can be obtained from Miss Wilson, Members' Mansions, Victoria Street.

Decorations and honours are as acceptable to women as to men, and no doubt all Army nurses will be helped in their future work by the pretty ceremony of the public decoration of Sister M. E. Harper with the Royal Red Cross, conferred by her Majesty in recognition of the nurse's services to the sick and wounded in Egypt. The little ceremony was performed by Sir F. Grenfell on the parade-ground at Malta, in the presence of the troops who had gathered to celebrate the Queen's birthday.

A very interesting performance will be that of the Masque of "Beauty's Awakening," which the Art Workers' Guild will present at the Guildhall on the evenings of June 27, 28, and 30. This is a revival of the old Elizabethan entertainment, written, designed, and produced by the artists themselves. Cast in poetical form, it has been written by Messrs. Walter Crane, Harrison Townsend, Selwyn Image, Christopher Whall, and C. R. Ashbee. Original dances will be performed by ladies well known in artistic circles; and the music will be rendered by an orchestra of old-time instruments. Tickets may be obtained from the hon. sec., Mr. H. J. J. Masse, at the Hall of the Art Workers' Guild, Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street.

Two organisations for helping women to remunerative employment held their annual meetings last week—the old "Society for Promoting the Employment of Women," whose headquarters are in Berners Street, and the brand-new "Central Bureau," which is located in Chancery Lane. Lord Dudley presided at the latter meeting, and stated that the main object was to give advice and information as to the fields of work that are least crowded and how to enter upon them. He did not add, what most of us learn by unpleasant experience, that there is a real lack of women ready to follow two time-honoured and absolutely feminine occupations—dressmaking and domestic service. In both there is abundant room for women who will do the work well, and it seems to me that while these fields are neglected (or at least filled chiefly with incompetent blunderers and pretenders) it is idle to seek pastures new. This Bureau has made a special effort, but admittedly with infinitesimal results, to induce "ladies"—that is, women brought up in refined circumstances—to become domestic servants. They will not do it—they prefer genteel starvation. Yet, what a field there would be for trained cooks, whose palates for shades of flavour and whose eyes for appearances have been trained by nice bringing-up in childhood; and who on earth is more independent of an employer than a first-rate cook? Why, she can simply treat us as she likes, for we dread few calamities more acutely than her "giving notice"! But will the "poor gentlewoman" in any appreciable numbers make herself so competent? I trow not, Lords and M.P.'s notwithstanding. FLORENA.

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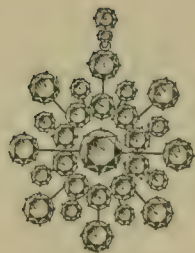
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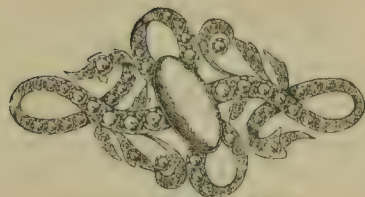
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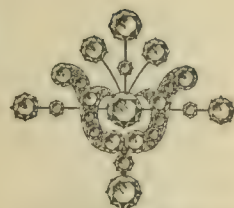
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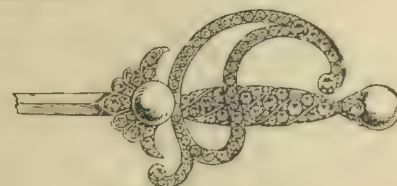
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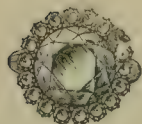
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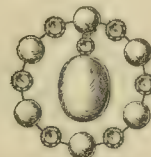
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 6, 1897), with a codicil (dated Oct. 2, 1898), of Mr. Richard Ratcliff, of Stanford Hall, in the county of Nottingham, who died on Nov. 24, has been proved at the Nottingham District Registry by Richard Henry Ratcliff, the son, and John Lambick, the executors, the gross value of the whole of the estate amounting to £1,116,190, and the net personal estate to £1,007,362. The testator gives all his jewellery, wines, spirits, and consumable household stores, such carriages, horses, and harness as he may select, £5000, and £3000 per annum for life to his wife, Mrs. Constance Mary Ratcliff; all his household goods, plate, books, pictures, and effects at Stanford Hall, and the pleasure grounds to his son Richard Henry; and ordinary shares or stock of the nominal value of £100,000 in Bass, Ratcliff, and Gretton, Limited, to his said son, but should he at the time of his death be not possessed of shares or stock to such amount then his son is to be paid in cash, in addition to such lesser amount of shares or stock, five times the amount of the nominal difference. He bequeaths £22,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Evelyn Mary, Eleanor Sarah, and Constance Lillian; £17,000 each, upon trust, for his other daughters who may attain twenty-one; £5000 each additional to his daughters Evelyn Mary and Eleanor Sarah; and a few other legacies. His mansion-house, Stanford Hall, and all his messuages, farms, lands, tenements, and real estate in the counties of Nottingham and Leicester he devises to his eldest son,

Richard Henry Ratcliff, and his heirs, but charged with the payment of the said two legacies of £5000. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to be equally divided between his sons other than Richard Henry.

The will (dated April 13, 1899) of Mr. Charles Henry Plevins, of Woodford House, Thrapston, who died on May 8, was proved on June 6 by George Joseph Plevins and Wilfred Maurice Plevins, the sons, and John Gilbert Bradbury, the executors, the value of the estate being £764,607. The testator bequeaths all his furniture, plate, pictures, and household effects, carriages and horses to his two sons; £2000 to Mrs. Kate Evelyn Plevins, the widow of his brother Thomson Plevins; £1000 each to Thomas, Mabel, Noel, and Morris, his brother's children; £5000 to Charles Henry Pashby, and an annuity of £200 to Miss Louisa Vaney. He devises all his real estate to his two sons. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares to his two sons and his daughter, Mrs. Edith Gertrude Latter.

The will (dated April 23, 1890), with two codicils (dated June 24, 1895, and Sept. 2, 1898), of Mr. Thomas Newland Allen, J.P., D.L., of The Vache Park, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, who died on March 11, was proved on June 8 by Stephen George Holland and Thomas Hurry Riches Woodbridge, the executors, the value of the estate being £214,497. The testator gives all money on mortgage of real and leasehold property, upon trust, for Tom Edmund Allen Stevens; £1000, his furniture, plate, pictures, jewels, carriages, horses, and live and dead stock to Mrs. Florence Ada

Stevens; £500 each to his executors; and he charges his settled property with the payment of annuities of £300 to Caroline Eleanor Granham, and of £100 to Florence A. Granham. He settles his freehold lands, houses, and premises in the parish of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, on Mrs. Florence Ada Stevens, for life, with remainder to her first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his personal estate is to follow the like trusts.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1899) of Mr. Harry Allen, of Thrift, Eccleshall, Shetfield, who died on Feb. 23, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on May 30 by Mrs. Helen Grace Allen, the widow, Joseph Proctor Russell, Allen Alexander Hollingsworth, and Henry James Weston Loveless, the executors, the value of the estate being £136,064. The testator gives £1100 to the Cutlers' Company's Fund; £250 each to the Shetfield Infirmary, the Shetfield Royal Hospital, the Children's Hospital (Shetfield), the Jessop Hospital, and the Cherry Tree Orphanage; £100 to the Ivanhoe Lodge of Freemasons; £300 each to his executors; and £500 and his household furniture, carriages, and horses to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves as to three fourths to his wife; £20,000 part thereof for her absolutely, and the remainder, upon the trusts of her marriage settlement, and one fourth to his brothers Charles Allen and William John Allen, and his sisters, Mrs. Hollingsworth, Mrs. Minnie Sophia Woosnam, and Mrs. Mary Louise Sorby.

The will (dated Aug. 17, 1892), with a codicil (dated Aug. 17, 1894), of Colonel Henry Holden, of 5, Hereford Gardens,

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late of the 13th Dragoons, who died on Dec. 1, was proved on June 6 by Lord Annaly and the Hon. Ellen Holden, the widow, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £27,189. The testator bequeaths £100 and his household furniture, carriages and horses to his wife, and an annuity of £30 to his butler, James Williamson. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her decease to his son Harry Ralph Lonsdale Holden, subject to the payment out of his real estate of portions of £15,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Evelyn and Ella Holden.

The will (dated Sept. 29, 1897), with a codicil (dated Oct. 12, 1897), of Mr. Robert Posnett Stevens, of Staunton Grange, Nottinghamshire, and The Hall, Sandiacre, Derby, who died on May 1, was proved on June 8 by Harry Wyles, James Stedman, and William Parkinson Bennett, the executors, the value of the estate being £76,762. The testator gives an annuity of £500 and the use and

enjoyment of The Hall, Sandiacre, with the furniture and domestic effects, to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Stevens, for her life or widowhood; an annuity of £300 to his housekeeper, Mary Anne Marshall, while she remains unmarried; £300 each to his executors; legacies to servants; and the net proceeds of the sale of the lands and real estate which came to him from his father or father's family to such persons, on his father's side only, as shall be of blood and kin to him, to be divided among them according to the statute for the distribution of an intestate's effects. The residue of his property he leaves to his cousins Matilda Mary Middlemas and Kate Carver Todman.

The will (dated Nov. 26, 1887), with three codicils (dated May 18, 1894, May 2, 1895, and May 5, 1896), of Mr. Sampson Samuel Lloyd, of Janoway Hill, Woking, a director of Lloyds Bank, Limited, who died on March 3, was proved on June 8 by Arthur Llewellyn Lloyd and Charles Frederick Lloyd, the sons, two of the surviving

executors, the value of the estate being £59,172. The testator gives £1000, his household furniture and effects, pictures to the value of £200, and the income for life of £12,000 to his wife, Mrs. Marie Wilhelmine Sophie Christiane Lloyd; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Priscilla Caroline Lloyd; £3000 to his son Walter Reginald Lloyd; £3000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Mary Dearman Lloyd and Adelaide Beatrice Lloyd; 100 guineas each to his executors; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares. The testator states that he had already made advances to sons and a settlement on his married daughter.

The will of Sir James Wright, C.B., of 6, Bedwardine Road, Upper Norwood, late Engineer-in-Chief of the Royal Navy, who died on April 17, was proved on June 8 by Dame Fanny Louisa Wright, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate amounting to £4371.

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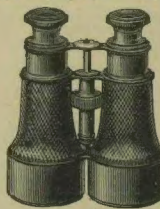
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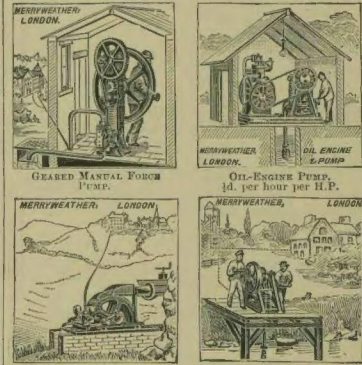
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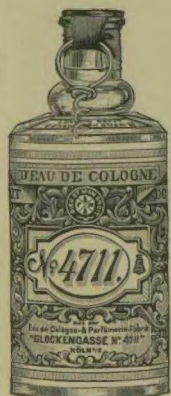
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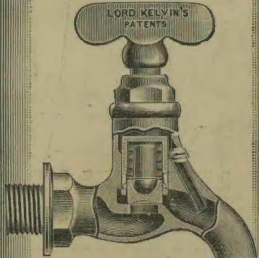
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